

THE LURE AND WONDER OF NEW GUINEA (Illus.). By E. W. Pearson Chinnery.
THE BOY CRICKETERS OF 1919 (Illus.). By W. Herbert Fowler.

COUNTRY LIFE

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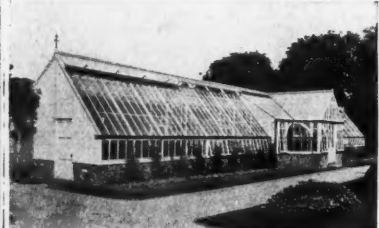
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THE ONLY WAY OUT

EVERY newspaper and almost every human being one meets has a recipe for curing the malady to which Great Britain is subject. Most of them think to get over the difficulty by preaching economy. In one quarter it is said that if an advertisement crusade were got up after the style of that used to popularise Government loans, the purpose would be served. Others urge that the Prime Minister should devote the whole of his energy to preaching the doctrine of economy. Such schemes as these may help, but we have little respect for mere preaching as an aid to anything, and preaching is all that it comes to. If national economy is to be effected, the sure method of getting it attended to is for the voters to enter into a combination not to send any man back to Parliament who has not done his duty in attending while the extraordinarily large estimates asked for by the Chancellor of the Exchequer were being discussed in the House of Commons. As we pointed out at the time, it was nothing short of infamous that men who were returned to the House of Commons and were in the position of paid servants of the country should neglect the greatest duty they have to perform in these days. Only by sorting out the culprits and putting more zealous members in their place can economy be properly attended to in Parliament. But we doubt if mere saving would be sufficient for the situation. A debt that is mounting up at the rate of £2,000,000 a day cannot be got rid of by such means. The only way out is by work, that is to say, increased production. At the present moment Great Britain is absolutely idling the time away. From every other country in Europe we hear accounts of strenuous methods being adopted to increase production. Mr. Hoover, from the American side, has told the European countries plainly that the supply of food during the coming winter will depend upon each country manufacturing those goods which can pay for it. It is a stern, but a very wholesome message. The majority of people in this country are not economists and they do not follow the

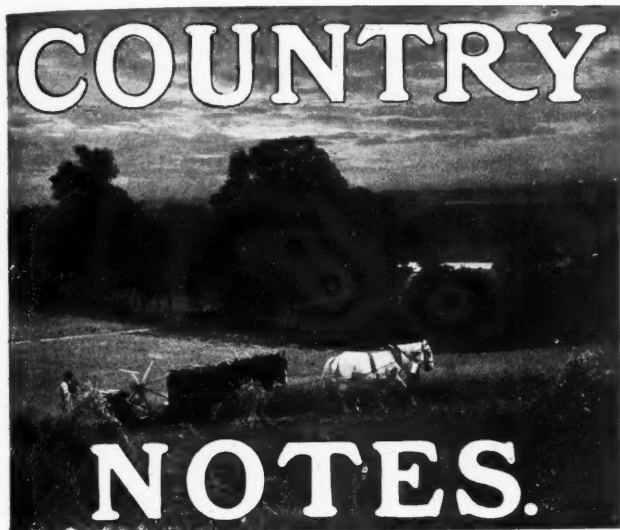
elaborate arguments of those that are. In fact, the individual who has money in his own pocket does not realise that the country can possibly be in danger of bankruptcy. He does not think of our social state as being an association of men who agree to contribute a fixed sum to pay for the work of government, but he has a hazy notion of a state with an endless pocket from which funds can be drawn for any purpose whatever. The belief born of several generations during which prosperity reigned all round has not been expurgated by the sufferings of war. It will require years of privation to make it understood. The more is it important, therefore, that these few who recognise the peril of the country should adopt every means in their power to get people to work. Only by labour can we cure the wounds and repair the losses of the last five years. Most people would agree to that easily enough as an abstract truth. At the same time they would very obstinately refuse to apply it in their own circle. A great deal of cant is spoken about the necessity of shorter hours for labouring men, the need of humane and cultured amusements, and all that sort of thing. In Germany, however, we notice that it has been proposed to make an eleven hours' day. Germany has the worst burden of all and it is entirely to her credit that she should take strenuous measures to provide the wealth which alone can get rid of her obligations. It was often prophesied in the days of peace that if a great war should occur, the victors would be left as near bankruptcy as the defeated. And it is so in this case. No European country which has engaged in the war has escaped a heavy burden that will prove ruinous unless it is removed, and that in the best of circumstances must take long. It is high time that the holiday spirit should be checked. By the holiday spirit we do not mean that longing for relief from the everyday task, which is nature's craving for rest, but rather that reluctance to give the time to work which is really necessary. It is a strange and embarrassing fact that in nearly all classes where it is necessary for the individual to do more than he has ever done previously the tendency is to contract the hours of labour. We do not believe that this has originated in the mind of the worker. At any rate, in the case of agriculture it has not. Men did indeed want better wages because they could not live in decency and comfort upon the small amount they received before. But they would have been quite willing to go on working at the old hours provided the remuneration was increased, as it has been. We have only to analyse the case to see what it has meant to the farmer. The shortened hours oblige him to employ more men, and so the expense of production keeps swelling. Even when his staff is increased it does not at all follow that more work will be done than in pre-war days. Those employed in any and every calling are under the impression that they are entitled to take life more easily than they did before. We speak after many conversations both with men and masters. Old and experienced servants recognise well enough that nothing can be achieved on the present lines; that on the contrary production tends to dwindle, and therefore employment must diminish also.

What is true of the farm is still more true of the mine. The country has got to recognise that no progress is possible with coal costing 45s. a ton instead of the 14s. it cost at the beginning of the war. That spells misery and paralysis. It is misery to the millions who will not be able to afford during the coming winter to have the minimum amount of warmth in their homes and it is paralysis to the various industries. In each cheap coal is of vital importance. No factory can be run long without it. If coal is to remain as extraordinarily dear as it is to-day, there will gradually be a shutting of factory and workshop and a steady growth in the number of unemployed. Great Britain has been made by her industries. She used to be the workshop of the world, and if the fires are to be put out in this workshop it is obvious that trade will pass from her grasp into the hands of those who have met the situation with courage, common-sense and self-sacrifice.

Our Frontispiece

AS frontispiece to this issue of COUNTRY LIFE we print a portrait of Lady Moira Godolphin Osborne, who is the youngest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Leeds, and whose engagement to Captain Oliver Lyttelton, D.S.O., M.C., Grenadier Guards, only son of the late Right Hon. Alfred Lyttelton and Dame Edith Lyttelton, D.B.E., has just been announced.

* * It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



IN his long-looked for speech on the national situation Mr. Lloyd George succeeded in presenting to Parliament a series of most important topics. He suggested that members should talk them over with their constituents.

His picture of Great Britain after the war would be described as lurid were it not so absolutely true to fact. Yet he left unmentioned the greatest cloud of all, one hanging over the civilised world as well as this country; that is to say, the possibility of revolution. It will not do for us to let this go by with the commonplace that a wave of unrest has passed over the world after every great war. No precedent to the struggle is recorded in history, and therefore no safe inference can be drawn as to its ultimate effects. The most we can do is to look the future squarely in the face and make what preparations are possible for avoiding danger. Probably the Prime Minister had in his mind's eye the conclusion that revolution must be the culminating disaster if we are not mindful of the lesser evils that he enumerated. These he described with epigrammatic conciseness. We are suffering from enormous under-production and over-consumption. It would be hard to beat that as a summary of the situation. So far from meeting debt, we are still piling it up. In every industry, with the exception of agriculture, there has been a falling off in production, and agriculture has not much of which to boast. Before the war it had more lee-way to make up than any other industry, and its progress began to be seriously checked as soon as the Armistice was signed. British credit, for the first time in its history, is going to pieces. Yet, in face of all this, the private citizen indulges in a debauch of spending. Useless and frivolous goods are readily purchased as soon as they are manufactured in this country or imported from abroad. Simplicity and frugality of living, austere practised during the war, have now gone by the board. Sport, play and amusement occupy almost exclusively the minds of many, and accounts of them fill the newspapers. Unless the nation is speedily roused to a realisation of what all this means, only one end is possible.

THE Prime Minister fixed upon coal as the central point in the situation. "Our trade depends more upon coal than any commodity. It fetches and carries, it goes to the ship, fetches the goods, carries them back and pays for them." What has happened in regard to it? Before the war 287 million tons were produced annually. That, at the present rate, has gone down to 200 millions, in spite of the fact that there has actually been an increase in the number of hands employed. The cost at the pithead was ten shillings in 1913. On July 16th it cost twenty-six shillings. The fact is, to sum up, we are not producing or handling as much per man as we were producing on August 4th, 1914. The cheapening of coal, then, is vital. How is it to be done? The Prime Minister very properly rejected the proposal to nationalise the mines—that way madness lies. He talked of acquiring the mineral rights and royalties, which would, of course, involve an enormous financial transaction and ultimately mean more debt. The scheme he favoured was that of working the coal under a local union of owners. We can see the advantages of that system, but one doubts if it will effect the necessary lowering of cost. Still, it would have been unfair to expect that any man could produce a magic phrase that would solve the difficulties in front of us. This can only be done by men setting themselves resolutely to find out practical means by which coal can be raised more cheaply

and goods produced on terms that would enable us to compete again in the markets of a world which, says Mr. Lloyd George, "is thirsting for goods."

ERNEST GIMSON'S death is a heavy blow to architecture, for he filled an especial place. None was a greater master than he of the ancient building traditions of the country, and under his hand they achieved an authentic and wholly unmannered vitality. When Gimson built a cottage of stone and slate in Leicestershire, or of cob and thatch in Devon, most of all when he worked in Gloucestershire masonry and stone tiling at and about his home at Sapperton, the results made the onlooker feel that so and no otherwise could the materials be perfectly used. All the learning of the classical revival seems to have passed him by as though it had never been. He saw design simply in the light of the materials that came to his hand, and his houses were without the least hint of archaeological learning. He was unconscious craftsman rather than designer, and the same sense of natural fitness which made his buildings grow naturally and unaffectedly out of the soil gave to his furniture, his plasterwork and his ironwork the same note of having happened. In the making of furniture as of cottages he let the material determine the design, and we have little doubt that the collector of a century hence will search for an authentic Gimson piece with the same fervour that now spurs the pursuit of Chippendale. We salute the memory of a man whose achievement equalled his purpose.

LORD LEE'S power of initiative and his untiring energy are his best credentials to confidence as the successor of Lord Ernle. These, indeed, are the qualities of which a leader of agriculture stands urgently in need to-day. Conditions have changed very much since Lord Lee held office as Food Controller. Then it was a case of getting things done cost what they might. To-day the problem is twofold. First, to secure increased production, and, secondly, to do so economically. There must be no more squandering of the national funds. We do not know, however, that this ought to affect the provision of the guarantee to farmers that they will be paid a remunerative price for their cereal crops. Mr. Edward Strutt, we notice, suggested 60s. a quarter. It would be perfectly safe to give that guarantee because, unless we greatly misread the signs of the times, there is no visible sign at present of wheat falling to 60s. a quarter. It is more likely, considering the increased demand that will be made by all the countries of Europe, that it should soar upward. On the other hand, the subsidy to millers, originally made for the purpose of maintaining the price of the loaf at 9d., should be got rid of. It cost £60,000,000 last year, and there is no good reason why the taxpayer should provide a sum like that.

OUR GRAVES IN FRANCE.

If Love should vanish utterly
From Heaven and the heart of Man:
If Sorrow's self with Love should die,
And life without emotion ran:

Were all men well and all men wise,
And past the long slow Age of pain,
Out of these graves should voices rise:
Give us that love, those tears, again!

F. W. BOURDILLON.

WHETHER Lord Lee will have power to deal with the new Agricultural Commission that has been set up remains to be seen. This body has already made several bad mistakes. The first is their want of courage in facing the fact that the worst grievance of which the farmer has to complain is the hours of labour. During the hay harvest and the corn harvest every labourer is entitled to drop his work at five o'clock in the afternoon. The calculation is made in regard to summer time. But whatever may be the artificial rule, it is four o'clock according to the sun. That is an insane moment for stopping summer work on a farm. But, as a matter of fact, if the labourer has to attend to his own horses, which is common on the average typical farm, the men stop about three o'clock. Now the labourer cannot do harvest work while it is wet with dew in the morning. In fact, at the present time he is allowed to stop at the very moment when he should be working at his hardest. No regulation equally ridiculous was ever introduced into husbandry, yet the Commission apparently is leaving it severely alone. The answer that the labourer may work overtime is no answer at all, because in many instances he refuses to do so, and at any rate it is ridiculous that while

the farmer has to find jobs for his men in the morning he must pay them overtime for working in the afternoon.

WE venture to think that the series of brilliant articles on New Guinea, the first of which appears in this week's issue, will have more than usual interest for our readers; and that interest should be a very solid one. It may not be evident at first sight that there is direct business advantage in reading, as may be done on another page, that there is the same tradition of a destructive flood in New Guinea as exists in nearly every part of the world. The most familiar instance is the story of Noah, but another, scarcely less so, will be suggested to the minds of those who had to read Ovid in their schooldays. It seems more in the walk of the folk-lore than of anybody else, but that is a superficial view. New Guinea is the largest island in the world. It is 1,490 miles long with a maximum breadth of 410 miles. Its riches are incalculable, and in these days of imperial necessity its development is not only advisable but essential. Many of our young men were engaged there before the war. Many were sent to it during the operations. The numbers of both have been greatly reduced, but they must be replaced if we are going to make this vast possession what the Germans were making of their colonies and the Japanese are making of those that belong to them. Success on the part of those who have to do administrative or other work in this region must depend to a large measure on familiarity with the customs and idiosyncrasies of the natives.

OUR contributor is in a particularly favourable position to help in this educative process. Since 1909 he has been an administrative officer in New Guinea and has had unusual opportunities of entering into the lives of the natives; and not only this, he has the sympathetic temperament which enables him to do so. The proof of it is to be found in the fact that they have initiated him into their mysteries and, generally speaking, given him their confidence. The story that he has to unfold is most fascinating, but we will not anticipate it. What we want to do at present is to impress on our readers the importance of New Guinea from the mercantile standpoint. In it petroleum, gold and copper fields are being developed, while such tropical products as cocoa and rubber are rapidly coming into cultivation. But development so far has been confined to the coastal regions and smaller islands, whereas there is every reason to believe that the greatest wealth will be found in the hitherto unexplored interior. The drawback to investigation has been largely financial. As was the case with the expedition under the leadership of Dr. Wollaston in 1910, the object in view has been purely scientific. But now political purposes come into play.

THE resources of New Guinea should be thoroughly investigated in order that development may get a stimulus in the right direction. The greatest asset is undoubtedly the huge native population on which we may draw for an inexhaustible supply of labour. The native of the Pacific, especially the Papuan, is a splendid worker and enjoys his work. But in the centre of New Guinea and the Solomons are thousands of people who have not yet come into contact with civilisation. A preliminary must be to wean their sympathies from head-hunting and cannibalism. That would obviously be best done by those men who will take pains to become acquainted with the psychology of savage peoples. What we want to avoid is that the Papuan should become degenerate and a "hanger-on" to civilisation. This must be obviated at all risks. We must wean the natives from their barbarity and lead them to take an interest in industrial duties and the results flowing therefrom. A remark made by our contributor should be taken to heart by everybody: "the existence of such unknown regions is a challenge to our reputation as colonists."

UNLESS Sir James Barrie comes forward with a very frank statement, it is evident that for some time to come there will be a controversy as to the authorship of "The Young Visitors." A writer in the *Saturday Review* has boldly set forth the conclusion at which many of us have arrived, that the book is nothing more nor less than *espèglerie* on the part of one who delights himself and has delighted others with many charming essays of the same kind. Very little critical acumen is necessary to show that the girl, now grown up, is a myth. The Editor of our contemporary seems rather angry that this should be so. With almost judicial gravity he adds a note to the contribution—which he publishes in large print—concluding with the sentence:

"freakish as Sir James Barrie may be, it would surely be unusual to present to the public his own work as another's in so deliberate a deception." Long, long ago as it appears now, we remember the late Oscar Wilde writing an essay in one of the monthlies to prove that all novelists were liars and the cleverest of them the greatest liars. But that particular falsehood which finds outlet in the invention of circumstances that give a verisimilitude to something which without such explanation would be absurd is the ancient and legitimate device of the imaginative artist. Sir James Barrie was perfectly at liberty to employ an innocent ruse in order to make his bizarre tale more credible. He is only following in the footsteps of "R. L. S.," Stanley Weyman and Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. The Editor should read his own contributor, who says of Barrie's work that it "is very childlike in the sense that it is rather the result of invention and fancy which are qualities of the child, than of experience or imagination, which are qualities of men and women." Surely "so deliberate a deception" is rather a heavy-handed phrase to follow that.

THIS year's schoolboy cricketers have received many compliments, but none more emphatic than those paid them by Mr. Herbert Fowler in his interesting article which we publish this week. Mr. Fowler is never an over-indulgent critic either of a cricketer or a golfer, and praise from him is praise indeed. When, therefore, he states his opinion that the Public School eleven that played at Lord's would have beaten either of this year's University sides, we may be sure that they were something quite out of the ordinary. Of Gibson he says that he is probably the best gentleman bowler of the day. Supporters of Essex and possibly a good many other people would enter a protest in favour of Major Douglas; but however that may be, the compliment to the Eton Captain is indeed a high one. It may be only a chance, but if so it is an interesting chance, that schoolboy cricket should reach so high a pitch after a long period during which games have played a comparatively secondary part. During the last few years these boys have all been spending much time and thought with their officers' training corps. It is hardly fanciful to draw the moral that they play all the better for not thinking too exclusively about games.

A TRICK OF MEMORY.

I thought I knew them one and all—
Your bag of tricks, O Memory;
The aching voids, the glamorous thrall,
The smiles, the tears, the artistry:
Yet, as I open this old book of verse,
You spring upon me something even worse.

Here by a poem is a sign—
Pencilled initials long unread;
Thrilled by a sentimental line
That should have struck its author dead,
One with whom then I sailed love's fairy bark
Inscribed, when all the world was young, this mark.

Greater than grief my loss—too deep,
In fact, for words no less than tears;
This old anthology must keep
One secret of the dusty years:
Peace to the loved and vanished!—him or her . . .
(I can but wonder whose the initials were).

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

THE properly constituted authorities have decided that the experiment of two-day county cricket matches has been unsuccessful and shall not be repeated. As regards the actual play, it has had curiously varying results. At one time we have seen several matches simultaneously ending in rather dreary, inevitable and uninteresting draws. At another nearly all the matches have been played out to a finish. At the end of last week, for example, on hard, dry wickets, five out of six matches were finished, the last innings in each case producing a somewhat unexpected collapse. On the whole, it is not the prevalence of draws that has made the system unpopular, but the length of the hours of play. The amateur cricketer does not wish to be a slave, and when stumps are drawn at half-past seven he complains that he is very late for his dinner and cannot go to the play. Unless the hours are shortened, which can only be done in a three days match, he will think the honour of playing for his county too dearly bought. For amateurs to drop out of the game would be a thousand pities. In the nature of things, they introduce the more dashing and light-hearted spirit which is so welcome,

and it is never a good thing for a game to fall too much into professional hands.

THE point one would like to drive home in the very pleasant account of Namur which has been forwarded to us by Mrs. Roscoe is her insistence on the fact that the Belgians are as busy as ants. The truth of this will be endorsed by all who have had the fortune to visit the Netherlands since the war. There is a hum of activity in the air that we do not find in Great Britain. Business is no doubt restrained in many directions because the Germans depleted the country of raw material and machinery. This affects all the arts. But the men themselves are like hounds straining at the leash. Wherever there is anything to do they are doing it with all their might. We have borne testimony to the vigour with which they are attacking the problems of agriculture, and with that horticulture should be placed. Already from the market gardens round Brussels and Antwerp great consignments of fruit and vegetables are being despatched to other parts of Europe, with the result that men who were exiles in this country for years have now either recovered their old position or are rapidly recovering them. It is not generally recognised that if judged by the output per man, little Belgium was the greatest producing country in the world before the war, and if judged by the value of its crops it was in advance of all others in

husbandry. It is usual to add that this was achieved only by terrific labour, but that is actually the fact we have got to face. Terrific labour offers us, too, the only road to salvation.

THE Victory Chess Tournament is, as we write, proceeding on its appointed course. Everybody knows that Signor Capablanca is the greatest and most promising of the young players of to-day, and he has amply vindicated this opinion of his prowess. He began by defeating Mr. Yates, a strong British hope, and he had the luck to receive the resignation of Sir G. A. Thomas in a very remarkable position, the possibilities of which both players failed to appreciate. Sir G. A. Thomas by a simple move could have made certain of a drawn game, and as he is a master of end strategy might have had a good chance of a win. The oversight must be almost without parallel in the history of chess. At the moment of writing, Sir G. A. Thomas is only half a point behind the leader, and it looks very much as though the result would be Signor Capablanca first, Sir G. A. Thomas second, and Mr. Yates third. It was very unfortunate that Mr. Atkins was prohibited from playing by his doctor, and Mr. Blackburn, who is in his seventy-ninth year, could scarcely be expected to hold his own in a first-class tournament, although the vigour of his play still puts many a younger competitor to shame.

THE LURE AND WONDER OF NEW GUINEA

I.—THE FLOOD LEGEND IN NEW GUINEA.

BY E. W. PEARSON CHINNERY.

NEW GUINEA is a land of magic, mystery and music. The charm of all three weaves its spell round everything, and one is not very long in the country before one feels its subtle influence. I have been asked many times how a European manages to endure the monotony of an existence apart from the comforts and pleasures that mean so much in a civilised land. But out in the unknown parts of this country there is no such thing as monotony; one is part, as it were, of the gigantic struggle for survival. Inland New Guinea, with its vast jungles, towering mountain ranges, valleys, rivers and wonderful forms of life, fills one with the spirit of its own natural forces, and he who fails to respond falls rapidly behind. The dank, dark regions in the underworld of jungle life are filled with the *débris* of those unfortunate forms of life which have failed to justify existence and have become manure to stimulate the survivors. But primitive man, by virtue of his social habits and his knowledge of contemporary forms of life, has been able to subjugate the others to his needs. The knowledge of generations is handed down through the ages by means of tales, and, according to these traditions, man regulates his actions. Every object within his

horizon, every custom that he performs has its tale of origin and foundation. Many of these are intensely interesting, particularly those dealing with creation.

One night, while sitting in camp in my district, not far from Kokoda station, I heard some chiefs discussing the action of a man I had that day sentenced to a term of imprisonment for a local offence. One of them said:

"He did what he knew to be wrong, therefore he must be content to suffer. 'That is the fashion' since the beginning." "What is in your mind?" I asked, from my tent. "Well, Master, if you would like to hear the 'kiki' (tale) Pareri is the best story-teller in the village."

Pareri was called, and we all sat round the camp fire to wait for him. Tobacco was passed round, and every man waited expectantly, for the story-teller was a chief greatly respected and liked by his fellows. In the days of tribal warfare he had achieved fame as a warrior, and the name Pareri, which means "tired hand," was given to him by his admirers because of the many spears he had thrown in the defence of his tribe. He came presently, a fine stalwart man with a quiet, unassuming manner. In a deep musical voice he said: "The



THE CRESTED CASSOWARY OF NEW GUINEA.



NATIVES WITH DRUMS DANCING A TALE OF ORIGIN.

One of the actors on the extreme right is carrying a netted bag.

story tells of a foolish people who sacrificed their happiness by disregarding the wisdom of their forefathers." "Well, let me hear it?" I invited. And he began:

"In a small hollow place among the foot-hills of Mount Lamington, beyond where the Ambogu river comes from a hole in the ground, is a lake known as Haroa. When men look into its surface their eyes look back at them from the water.

"Now, long ago, at the very beginning, men and women were forbidden to go near this lake because it was the abode of strange beings, who were not like other people. It was said that uncanny things happened there when the strange people danced; some said that the water went red and danced with them. I do not know exactly, for my father told me the story in different ways; but, at any rate, Haroa was feared by the people and avoided.

"Not far from Haroa, in a clean open village on the banks of a small stream of good drinking water, lived the foolish people of whom I am speaking. Why they were dissatisfied with their lot I do not know. They had everything to make them happy. Fish were abundant; the jungle gave them pigs and cassowaries without much trouble on their part; the ground was fertile, and they had immense gardens of sweet potatoes and sugar-cane. There was little else to do all day but play, but only the children seemed to enjoy

darted among the trees on the banks, and sang songs of merriment that they had not heard before. Even the sweet flowers and plants on the water were of a kind that they had not seen before. What they saw pleased them, and they were discussing bitterly the forces that had cheated them out of so much time that could have been spent on the

Voice

Drum

Trumpet

Ko' Ko' wa - ko' - - - - - ee - ee - ne - ne Ko' Ko' wa - ko'

THE SONG OF THE SKELETON.

Transcribed by Mr. H. E. Piggott

edge of this water of 'wonderful faces,' when suddenly their attention was drawn to a disturbance in the middle of the lake. Little rings whirled round and round on the surface of the water, and a skeleton popped out of the centre. A silence like death filled the place. The birds no longer appeared; the beautiful water flowers sagged as if all the life had gone out of them. The hunters trembled at the knees; they felt weak, and their eyes opened wide with fright. But the skeleton suddenly commenced to dance on the surface of the lake, and, as its bones shook to the movements of the dance, a song came from its mouth, in a voice so sweet and alluring that all which had been depressed returned to life and animation. The water gently splashed and eddied at the feet of the skeleton, and the birds darted round and round it, joining the song with their sweet voices. The leaves on the trees sang, 'Sh! Sh!' as they swayed gracefully to and fro; the pretty



CHILDREN PLAYING.

water flowers moved their petals; and the hunters, on the bank, swayed and sang as the magic of the dance entered their souls and made them happy. No thought of their wrong had they, for they were bewitched. Loudly they sang:

Ko-ko wai-ko—
Ere-e-re-re
Ko-ko wai-ko

It was the song of the Ghost people; but they knew not what they were doing. Then the song ended; the skeleton sank into the water, and the birds and plants became silent. But the spirit of the dance had entered the hunters to stay; speedily they went towards their village to tell what they had seen. Long before they reached it the people knew, for in their excitement they shouted the news through the jungle. When they learnt of the wonderful dance the foolish people packed their belongings and hastened to the lake. There a camp was made, and while some of them decorated themselves for the dance, others prepared a feast.

"One old woman went into the bush to prepare some 'New Guinea salt' from the bark of a tree, and a male and female child went with her to help; but, as the hills were too bad for the children to keep up with her, the old woman told them to go back to the other people, while she went on alone.

"Meantime the 'foolish people' got ready for the dance, but, as they were standing over the surface of the lake smiling back at faces which smiled up at them from the water, a terrible thing happened. Steam suddenly came out of the earth like clouds, the ground and coconuts toppled into the lake, and so did all the 'foolish people.' Then the water shot into the air as the steam had, fell back again, and covered the dancing ground that had been prepared; then all was quiet.



MAN CLIMBING COCONUT TREE.

"When the old woman returned with the salt, she was dismayed to find no trace of the people, and was turning hurriedly to leave the spot, when she heard a tiny voice calling 'Azhe! Azhe! no mene kizho!' (Mother, look to your children.) Then she saw them clinging to the branch of a tree with water all round them. She tried to throw them a vine so that she could bridge the water between them, but the vine fell short; she made a raft of sticks, but when it was put in the lake the water whirled and became red until the raft was smashed; its anger then ceased. The old woman sat down and cried, and the children cried also. But suddenly an idea struck her; seizing a stick she sharpened the end and began to cut a drain to let the water escape. While she was cutting it the lake bubbled again and, in its anger, broke the tree. The two children fell into the water and sank unconscious to the bottom, but the old woman, weeping all the time, tore desperately at the bank with her sharp stick until, presently, she heard a small voice cry, 'Azhe! Oh look!' She looked: the lake was dry, and the two children were on the bottom gazing up at the sky with terror in their eyes. Following their glance she, too, looked up, and there was a star, the first that had ever been seen. Filled with fear she stuck the stick in the ground, caught hold of the two children, and fled into the bush.

"Day after day she went on, until she arrived at a place where the land was good. There she made a garden and a village. Month after month she nourished the children, and trained them to be a good boy and girl. When they grew up she married them, and as their children grew up she divided them into tribes until the whole of the Kokoda district was populated. And that's what for."



KOKODA MAGISTERIAL STATION: HOUSES OF MARRIED NATIVE POLICE.

THE BOY CRICKETERS OF 1919

By W. HERBERT FOWLER.



GIBSON (THE ETON CAPTAIN) BOWLS COLLINS (THE HARROW CAPTAIN).

A SERIES of the most interesting matches of the season has just come to a close at Lord's. They have conclusively demonstrated that the form of this year's school cricketers is far above the average. In fact, one must go back to the early and middle seventies to find so large a number of really first-class players. In those days, however, the form of school cricketers was unknown to the general body of cricket enthusiasts, and it was only those who played in the Eton and Harrow match who appeared before the critics of the Lord's Pavilion. Now all this is changed, and thanks to the initiative of Mr. Lacey, the Secretary of the M.C.C., boy cricketers have full chances given them of showing their form at Lords. In addition to the matches played on the old ground, special instruction is given to promising young cricketers, and there is no excuse for amateur cricket not receiving the very best class of recruits. Nothing that has been done in the past forty years for cricket can compare with Mr. Lacey's fostering of boy cricket.

The matches which have just been brought to a conclusion began with one between a team selected from the schools who play school matches at Lord's (Eton, Harrow, Clifton, Tonbridge, Rugby, Cheltenham, Marlborough and Haileybury) against the Rest. Great pains are taken to assure promising boys from those schools who do not play at Lord's a place in the Rest side, and one may mention that Lancaster, Blundell's and others were represented.

The form shown in this first match was surprisingly good, and the selection for the next match, Public Schools XI v. P. F. Warner's XI, must have been very difficult. The eleven finally chosen was as follows:—

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. D. R. Jardine (Winchester). | 7. R. B. Wyatt-Smith (Sharborne). |
| 2. W. W. Hill-Wood (Eton). | 8. G. S. Butler (Marlborough). |
| 3. A. P. F. Chapman (Uppingham). | 9. T. W. Mansergh (Marlborough). |
| 4. S. G. U. Considine (Blundell's). | 10. G. T. S. Stevens (University College School). |
| 5. C. T. Ashton (Winchester). | 11. C. H. Gibson (Eton). |
| 6. R. C. Robertson-Glasgow (Charterhouse). | |

This was the order in which they went in to bat.

L. P. Hedges (Tonbridge) and N. E. Partridge (Malvern) were unable to play. The former is one of the school bats of the year and is now playing with success for Kent, and is one of the finest cover points in the country; and the latter is a fine bowler and also a great run getter.

Taking the batting first, D. R. Jardine is a son of the old Oxford player who made over 100 for Oxford and who created cricket history by his magnificent fielding in the university match. His son is the most correct bat we have seen since A. P. Lucas. He stands well up, watches the ball intently and plays with the straightest of bats. His play on the on-side is an object lesson, and assuredly he will grow into one of the best gentlemen bats of the next few years.

W. W. Hill-Wood is a wonderful bat for his size. He is very short, and one would expect him to be lacking in power, but many of his strokes are so beautifully timed as to give the full value of a fine pair of wrists.



GIBSON, AS A BOWLER, STANDS HEAD AND SHOULDERS ABOVE ALL THE OTHER BOYS.

He will always be difficult to get out and is the keenest of the keen.

A. P. F. Chapman.—A left-hand batsman and one who has, perhaps, the best chance of becoming an England batsman in the near future. He has all the strokes of the best left-handers and has wonderful power in his hands. Some of his strokes made off balls which would stick up the ordinary batsman show his capacity for rapid scoring when the situation requires it. He is also a cover point who will save no end of runs and will soon rank with Jessop, Hobbs and other cover point masters.

S. G. U. Considine made thirty and over 100 for the Rest against Lord's Schools. He got his colours at Blundell's when fourteen, and is a very fine bat, a useful wicket-keeper, but is so good a field that he is wasted at the wicket.

C. T. Ashton has been one of the mainstays of Winchester. He is a splendid bat with many fine strokes, especially to leg, and scores much faster than Jardine. He should train on into a very fine all-round cricketer.

R. C. Robertson-Glasgow is a very good bat and a bowler above the average. He is a fine short-slip and will become a cricketer up to county form.

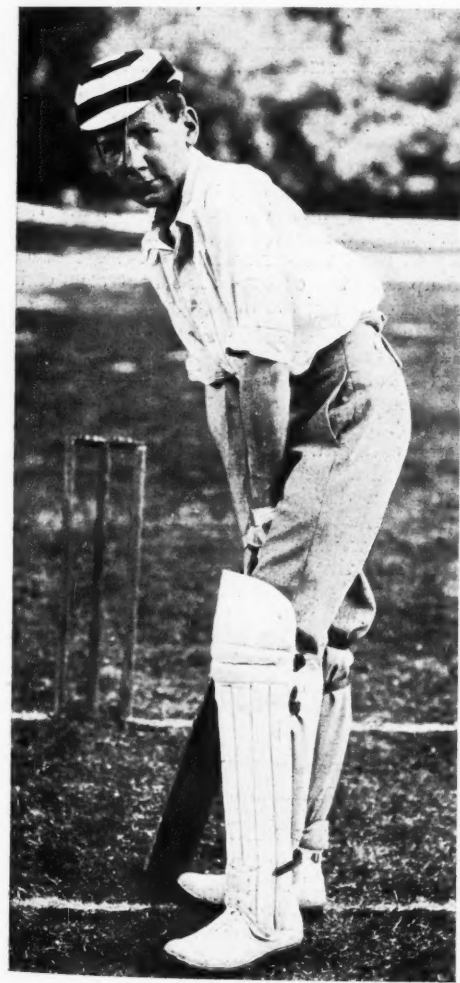
R. B. Wyatt-Smith is a promising bat, and was unlucky in getting out just when he was beginning to play well.

G. S. Butler.—Here we have probably the hardest hitter of the boys who have been seen at Lord's. He is quite a master of fast bowling and may train on to be one of the best bats of the day. He will, however, have to improve in his playing of slow bowling before he can arrive at such a standard.

T. W. Mansergh is a boy who makes runs. His fault is an apparent lack of using the wrist and bringing the forearm

into play instead. This causes him to founder many shots and he therefore does not make the best of a fine eye and much latent power. A very fine field, and he made the catch of the season in dismissing Fairbairn.

G. T. S. Stevens.—Here we have a batsman with a certain future. He has the gift of watching the ball and of playing all his strokes at the last possible moment. He makes full use of his height and reach and has made the most of the valuable



HILL-WOOD OF ETON IS A WONDERFUL BAT FOR HIS SIZE AND WILL ALWAYS BE DIFFICULT TO GET OUT.

coaching he has had at Lord's during the past three years.

C. H. Gibson is one of the best bats at Eton and has played several good innings at Lord's. The strength of this boy eleven can be shown in no more convincing manner than by such a bat going in last.

Space will not allow of mentioning other boys who, in an ordinary year, would be sure of a place in the side.

Turning to the bowling, Gibson, the Eton captain, stands head and shoulders above all the other boys. He bowls a fast medium, keeps a wonderful length and varies his pace. His slower ball has the great merit of not being too slow and he is able to bowl it and not lose his length. On his form at Lord's he is probably the best Gentleman bowler of the day, and as he has a perfect action and the best possible physique, he is likely to retain his form and even improve.

Hill-Wood is a slow bowler of the most promising type and he, too, has a length. The way he kept the crack batsmen of Warner's XI playing was convincing as to his real gift as a bowler.

Chapman bowls left medium and is said to be a good change bowler. Little was seen of him at Lord's as a bowler.

C. T. Ashton was one of the Winchester bowlers. He bowls as fast as he can. Some critics were inclined to doubt the fairness of his delivery.

Wyatt-Smith gets a tremendous break from leg and at times bowled very well. He bowled Knott round his legs in the Lord's v. Rest match.

Robertson-Glasgow is a good bowler of the fast medium variety and should train on into something very good.

Stevens is another fast medium bowler and a very good one. He was played for the Gents v. Players this year for his bowling. He may be a bit stale at present, otherwise his batting is likely to overshadow his bowling.

Of the fast bowlers Rankin of Haileybury is far the best. His action and delivery are perfect and he should train on into a really fine bowler.

Richmond from Wellingborough came up with a great reputation, but he is not so fast as Rankin and does not bowl in such good form.

Of the fielding one cannot say too much. Most of it was brilliant and, save wicket-keeping, will long be remembered on account of its high standard. The stars were Chapman, at cover point; Stevens, point; Considine, anywhere, and Mansergh, mid-off and extra cover. The Eleven v. Warner's XI compare favourably with either of the University elevens of the year and would in all probability have beaten either of them easily, being stronger in every department of the game except wicket-keeping.

With such a galaxy of talent to fill up the County and University elevens, the cricket of next year can be looked forward to with the greatest interest. The two Universities will have a very fair distribution of the talent available, so that another interesting match may be confidently expected. Since the Lord's matches several of the boys have made promising debuts for their counties—Stevens for Middlesex, Hedges for Kent, Considine for Somerset—and others have fully justified their inclusion in the ranks of county cricketers.

The value to boy cricketers of the experience they gain in playing so early before a critical audience at headquarters cannot be overestimated. The great success of Mr. Lacey's hard work and initiative must be very pleasant to him, and all cricket lovers owe him a debt of gratitude.



HEDGES OF TONBRIDGE IS ONE OF THE SCHOOL BATS OF THE YEAR, AND ONE OF THE FINEST COVER POINTS IN THE COUNTRY.

A VISIT TO THE BELGIAN RECLAMATIONS

II.—RECLAMATION BY SMALL-HOLDERS.

ALTHOUGH the large reclamation estates in Belgium are, from one point of view, the most interesting, I think it would be better to defer notice of them in order to direct attention at once to the small reclamation that was kept going during the war and is infused with a new spirit now that it is over. To understand it, it is necessary to have some idea of the history of the land question in Belgium. In that country the feudal system, as with us, left the peasants with a very considerable direct interest in the land. With us the peasant had certain rights of common, such as that of grazing his livestock, which might be anything from geese to horses, according to the law of the particular manor concerned. Customs varied with the manor to which they belonged. In some places the common rights included those of taking peat or lopping trees for fuel, taking away sand and, in particular cases, making other uses of the land. It struck Arthur Young and other agricultural reformers that the system was not profitable, and that, if the land were enclosed, it would yield more produce owing to better husbandry. Accordingly, enclosure acts were brought in by the hundred, and the peasant found himself dispossessed of his share in the land. It was otherwise in Belgium. The village commune owned a considerable quantity of waste and other land, and there could be no question of enclosing or dividing it up; but early in the days of reclamation legislation was passed authorising the commune to sell some of its land on condition that the remainder was brought into a state of cultivation. In some cases it was part of the bargain that the land sold should be reclaimed. But, at any rate, it became practicable for the man with very small capital who depended mostly on his own power of work to acquire a piece of land and reclaim it for himself. This appears to have been the origin of the smaller reclamations—those that do not individually extend to, say, more than about twenty-five acres. It has been mentioned already that during the German occupation this work went on. In fact, it was encouraged by the communes on account of the scarcity of food and the difficulty of meeting the demands for it.

LITTLE RECLAMATIONS ALONG A LITTLE RAILWAY LINE.

The place to see these little holdings is along the vicinal line which runs from Antwerp to Turnhout. There are more than twenty stations between the two towns, and at nearly every one of them the work of reclamation can be seen going on. Here and there one looks almost mechanically for the sea, because of the sand-dunes that in reality are inland, whereas we in this country expect them always to be in the proximity of the sea. They seem to show that at no very far distant geological era the waves were lapping over what is now called the Campine district of Belgium and Holland. But the general aspect of the country is one of heath-clad waste. The inhabitants are very proud of having made their little holdings out of such a wilderness. On one villa-like cottage at the last, or almost the last, station before Turnhout is reached, the owner has put up an inscription with his name-plate to inform the passer-by that the well furnished garden, the shrubbery and all the things that are growing so beautifully were obtained by reclaiming waste land. And the traveller going along the line in the last days of July saw every stage in the process. There was the untouched wilderness at many parts; here and there it had received its first ploughing.

GROWING THE YELLOW LUPINES.

At another place the first crop of yellow lupines lent a strange, rich beauty to the landscape. Some trouble is required to get these lupines to grow freely, as the sand is in many cases almost sterile. Where heather is grown, peat has been formed and the ground is sour—a state of things which is remedied by a dressing of lime at the rate of about a ton to the acre. On some land it is necessary to inoculate the soil; that is to say, a dressing of rich fertile earth is scattered over the surface so as to give the lupines a start. It may be remembered that at Methwold the first attempt to grow lupines was, practically speaking, a failure, and it was probably owing to the omission of some precaution of this kind. We did not come across in Belgium a single place where the lupines had not grown freely and even rankly. The appearance of the field was, except for the yellow colour, exactly the same as when a heavy crop of clover is grown, and, of course, lupines have the same effect of smothering the weeds and leaving the ground absolutely

clean. It was so thick that one of the most practical members of our party doubted the possibility of ploughing it in. In illustration of his objection he said you could not plough in a field of clover like that. But this little difficulty had been met and surmounted. They have a plough with a roller running in front to flatten out the lupines, a not very difficult thing to do, because the time of ploughing in is just when the foliage is at its greenest and juiciest and the yellow flowers are opening. It is reckoned that a crop of lupines ploughed in thus is equal in manurial value to a dressing of farmyard manure at the rate of about fourteen tons to the acre. When it has been supplemented with a dressing of basic slag and superphosphate, a fine seed-bed has been formed for a succeeding crop. On the top of the lupines is sown the first crop, which is usually rye. The owners are going to do extremely well out of that this year, as there is an ever-growing demand for rye, and the difference in price between it and wheat works out at only sixpence a hundredweight. The price, of course, is fixed by the Government. In that way it is the usual thing for every reclaimer to pay the expenses of cultivation from his first crop. It will be clearly understood that one does not mean the expenses of the original reclamation, but only the expenses incidental to cultivation.

The rye was ready for harvesting and, indeed, was being cut on many holdings at the time of our visit. It was very surprising to see how tall the stalks were when the sheaves were placed upright, because the rye has a habit of drooping its head when growing ripe. It was difficult to imagine from the appearance of the field the real length of the stalk.

ANCIENT AND SIMPLE IMPLEMENTS.

It was being cut mostly by hand and by an ancient contrivance. The cutting instrument might be described as a cross between our old-fashioned sickle and scythe. It is smaller than the one and larger than the other. It is called the pick, although an Englishman would be very much inclined to give that name to an instrument which is used along with it. The latter resembles a pick on a long handle, but is called a hook because it is used to hook the corn which is being mowed, while it is picked up with the cutter. The harvesters each carry a little anvil, and during the dinner hour they may be seen sitting on the road and sharpening the tool with a hammer. We watched the whole process, the man hammering all along from the point of the blade to the socket, and extremely sharp he made it. It is said also that the process of hammering has the effect of hardening the blade. That it was sharp was evidenced from the ease with which the rye was cut. A good deal might be said about machinery in regard to these little holdings. It is a decided handicap that the small man has to do nearly the whole of his work by hand. He does it well, but no one would contend that he is not placed at a disadvantage. It is the same with ploughing, although this is taking us away for the moment from our grain harvest. There is a little plough much used on the reclamations which could be introduced with great advantage into this country. It is a single plough, drawn by one horse and has only one handle. From personal experience I can vouch that ploughing with it is extremely easy on these light soils. The mark made by the front wheel enables one to keep the furrow straight; and the plough itself is so light that one scarcely feels it. The horse, too, marches cheerily on as if he felt no burden behind him. But to return to our little reclamations.

CROPS GROWN ON THE RECLAIMED WASTE.

There was a large variety of crops upon them, although things were not exactly normal in this respect owing to the demands made during war. There was much more rye, for instance, than usual. But side by side with it grew beautiful breaks of mangolds, swedes, and potatoes and peas grown in the same row, a pleasing and profitable companionship. These light soils are not suitable for growing sugar beet. Almost every other ordinary agricultural crop could be grown, and, as far as one could see, there was not a failure, while the cleanness of the land was as remarkable in the smallest holding as on any large estate. But the industry shown by the peasants was striking and may be accepted as a testimony to the effect upon a man's work of owning the soil. The question is bound to be asked whether it is beyond the ingenuity of our legislators and authorities to institute in this country a corresponding system. If anyone says that, theoretically speaking, it is not the highest economy to cultivate in small patches, there is nothing to do but to agree

with the proposition. If capital and science are used to the utmost extent of their capacity they will show better cultivation than will be found on the plot of the most industrious poor man who happens to be ignorant and untrained. But the personal element counts for so much that production, in spite of all the theories in the world, is greater in a district of small farms than in one of large farms. For one thing, the man who is working for himself knows no hours. When something needs to be done he will be found in the field at the break of day and at its close. He wastes as little time as possible over food and rest and he is constantly trying to increase his production. Thus, in the end, there is not the deficiency in the results that might be expected, and there are also other great advantages. Every man who owns a bit of ground becomes a pillar of the State. He is also a practical check on those who are ever agitating to get more and more wages, because he gets what he earns, and no man is entitled to more. There is abundance of land in this country suitable for the occupation of such men. It could be counted by thousands of acres in our eastern counties, and it cannot be repeated too often that reclamation and forestry march hand in hand. They are as suitable to one another as the peas and potatoes which the Belgian grows on the same plot. He knows that they are of mutual help to one another. So also forestry and reclamation can work hand in hand.

PLANTATIONS AT ESBECK.

We have received from Esbeek some very interesting notes which those interested in that reclamation will be glad to read. One refers to an error in the picture which was named "Trees in the grounds, planted eighteen years ago." This is wrong. The picture shows an old mixed plantation of birch, oak and beech belonging to an older part of the ground. It was suggested, although the suggestion came too late, that instead of it should be shown the photograph we now reproduce of a plantation of Japanese larch (*Larix leptolepis*). It is a very interesting picture. These trees were planted in 1905, and, reckoning from the time they were seed, they are now fifteen years old. They are 30ft. 6ins. high. They were planted at a distance of 3½ft. and have been twice thinned. Our informant adds that the Douglas fir and Japanese larch are growing very fast at Esbeek. From a Japanese larch grown free, ten years old, "we have made a floor which has been in existence five years." For fencing purposes the Douglas fir and Japanese larch are better than *Pinus silvestris*.

The orchard is two and a half hectares in extent, and in 1917 produced 54,000 kilograms (approximately 53 tons).

The apples favoured on the market are Yellow Transparent, Mank's Codlin and Landsbergerreinetten. Although these are not dessert apples the yield is very good indeed. The orchard makes a beautiful sight in spring and in the autumn gives an abundance of fruit on ground that never before produced anything. Every year the ground is manured with 1,000 kilograms (approximately a ton) of Thomas phosphate, 800 kilograms, 20 per cent. potash, 1,000 kilograms of chalk, and from 100 to 200 kilograms of nitrate of soda.

In regard to the cattle shown in one of the pictures the English breeder would like to know that they are the famous Maas-Rhine-Ysel breed. The name refers to the river valleys in which they originated. This breed is found in the east part of the Netherlands along the shores of the great rivers and on sandy soils. In the west of the Netherlands you find the better known black and white Dutch breed, and in the north the Friesian cattle. There is a Friesian Herd Book and a Netherlands Cattle Herd Book, the latter being the more important. The red and white form a part of the Netherlands Cattle Herd Book. They are the Maas-Rhine-Ysel. It is an old breed that has been greatly popularised during the last twenty-five years. Their appearance at The Hague Show in 1913 was a great success. It is a breed most suitable for the sandy soils as the animals are hardy and do not need a very high quality of food. The points looked for in them are a deep breast, round ribs, the lower part of the back must be broad and straight, and the colour more red than white. They yield more cream than the black and white and although the actual "milk-gift" is less it is satisfactory. The trees in the foreground are poplars planted nineteen years ago.

For these particulars and for a very kind reception we are indebted to the Chief Forester, Mr. M. C. Sissingh, who lives in the house with the watch-tower and has been forester in charge for the last eighteen years.

A word should be added about the klaver or clover covers which might be utilised with good results in this country. They are wooden frames made on the estate for use in the hay harvest. The newly cut herbage is placed on them to dry in such a manner that while the rains run off easily there is abundance of ventilation. The advantage of using them is that after the hay is cut there is no hurry about saving it, since it keeps perfectly well. In this way the farmer can go on with his hoeing or any other urgent farm work and complete the hay saving process at his own time. Belgians are very clever at putting things to use, and the conjunction of forestry with ordinary husbandry enables them to meet the demand of their own land as far as timber is concerned and even sell a certain amount. P. A. G.



JAPANESE LARCH PLANTED IN 1905.



THIS little dwelling is the result of casting about some twenty years ago for a cottage and garden which should be quite in the country and yet not too far from the town for daily work in Winchester. It was a difficult quest, for it is not a very good cottage neighbourhood, and, as usual, those that would have done were not to be had, and those that were to be had would not have done. This one, however, though not in an attractive state to the ordinary eye at that time, was available and answered the ideas of situation in a charming manner, lying by itself fairly high up in an open valley, with some of the prettiest downs and hangers only a field away, and at the end of a long lane that has no turning, but becomes a grass track farther up the valley. The lane is known as Compton Street, a term which is said to denote a Roman road; and certainly Roman coins have been dug up in the garden, besides Jacobean and even Turkish money and Cromwellian tobacco pipes.

At that distant time the "street" was often blamed for its mud and narrowness, but since then motors with their noise and dust have been invented, and it has proved a blessed barrier to this form of progress, and there is certainly

something to be said for living up a blind alley in these days. The ground attached to the house, about an acre, seemed amply large (though now all too small!), and some fine old yew trees and clipped boxes, due to the shears of a shepherd who had lived there many years, promised to help in the making of the garden. Except for these and a few aged fruit trees there was nothing but potato and cabbage plots, divided by paths of coarse grass, all hedged about with nettles and elders, and both house and garden took years of evenings and holidays to get right, for funds did not permit of everything being done at once.

It had been the house of a small farm of possibly 100 acres, now absorbed into a big one of nearly 1,000 acres, and is marked Dummer's Farm on the older Ordnance maps. It still has its little yard, surrounded by old thatched timber barns, with duck-pond complete. There are yet evidences of other small holdings of the same sort in the parish, all now absorbed in the same way; while little fields have been thrown together into big fields, showing that things agricultural were very different only sixty or seventy years ago, and approached more nearly to our present-day aspirations.





2.—THE POND GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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The back of the house (Fig. 5), facing the farmyard, is the oldest part, built of narrow bricks and oak timbers, some time, no doubt, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; then, about 150 years later, two new living-rooms with bedrooms over were added to it on the garden side (Fig. 11) and the older part became back premises. At the head of the stairs there is still one of the oak brackets of the original outside projecting gable, left *in situ* and now showing in the passage, and one of the old side windows was found plastered over in what is now an inside wall, with oak frame and lead lights intact, indicating the small size of the first house. The original living-room, with chalk floor and minute diamond-paned windows, was divided up into wash-house and dairies, and the back bedroom floors had become risky to walk upon

after years of apple and potato storage with attendant rats. All this back part had to be put to rights before entering in, with new floors and larger windows, so as to make a respectable kitchen and servants' bedrooms; but the rest was done afterwards as time and funds permitted.

After being de-farmed the house had been badly divided up into two cottages with front doors side by side facing the garden, and, like the greedy man's chicken, it was too much for one and not enough for two; it had ill defined back premises and passages, which led to constant disputes with the tenants as to which belonged to which and who cleaned what—so much so that for a long time it had been only half inhabited.



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3.—FROM THE ROCK GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Aug. 23rd, 1919.]

COUNTRY LIFE.

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Except for some old boarded doors with good wrought-iron hinges and bobbin latches, a fragment or two of oak panelling and the old circular stair, which had steep elm treads winding round a big oak post and a handrail made out of a thin barked bough of yew, nailed to the wall and polished to a wonderful degree by generations of horny hands, there was nothing of interest inside the house. The fireplaces had been "dra-ad in" with small kitchen ranges set in brickwork, the windows were modern, and most of the doors were merely of deal matchboard. But it was dry and well built; the structural woodwork was all of oak and the floors of elm in good condition, only needing cleaning and a few years of wax polishing to look very different.

No one who has not experienced it can imagine the number of odd jobs involved, one thing leading to another, and how much (except for the dust and domestic upsets involved) it adds to the interest and the joys of life. The "dra-ad in" fireplaces were dug out, so that they could be used once more for log fires on the hearth. The old ingle-nook seat was brought to light in the corner of one of them, and an old iron bracket and chain up the wide chimney, for hanging pots and kettles from. The oak joists of the dining-room (Fig. 7) ceiling were covered by lath and plaster, and the ceiling of the sitting-room (Fig. 6) was hidden under an incredible number of layers of wallpaper, mostly of the marble pattern description; the old shepherd and his wife, who had lived a long life there, reckoned to put up a fresh layer every year with the idea of keeping their heads warm, and they used their own glue made of sheep's feet, the adhesive power of which was immense; and never was there a longer nor dirtier job than soaking and scraping that paper off. But the result was well worth the effort, for the chamfered beams are as good as the day they were laid, and not marked by nails, as in the case of lath and plaster.

The first addition to the house was the tile-paved garden-room (Fig. 9), built in the sunny angle of two walls outside the sitting-room, the end window being cut down to form a door into it. One side faces south-east, and the other, with large glazed doors, faces south-west, using in some old shop windows picked



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4.—THE FRONT PORCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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5.—THE BACK, FROM THE BARN DOOR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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6.—THE SITTING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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7.—THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

up in the town; the flat roof forms a useful balcony to the bedroom above, and the room is such a sun-trap that it can be used for meals with the doors open and without a fire on any bright winter's day.

At first the water supply was only from rain-water storage and a well, 80ft. deep in the chalk, with the old-fashioned wheel, bucket and rope; but later on both gas

This addition was almost "home-made," the only professionals employed being a couple of carpenters, the plumber and the man who laid the thatch. The amateur bricklayers consoled themselves with the hope that creepers would tone down their faults in time, and the general effect is one of considerable age; indeed, the numbers 1345 on an old lead sign of the Gresham Insurance Company, with



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8.—FROM THE GARDEN PORCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and water crept up the lane, and a new front door and small entrance hall, with a dressing-room and proper bathroom over, were built out on the end facing the lane, adding greatly to the comfort of the house and the privacy of the garden. Before this, what is now the garden porch had been the front door, and, being a favourite place for tea and outdoor meals in the summer, it was impossible to escape callers and say "Not at home" when caught in the act.

its charming stamp of the Royal Exchange, which is stuck up on the gable, are often read and repeated with awe by people passing by on their Sunday walks, as indicating the date of the building. The old staircase had always been dangerously steep, and it stood in the way of the new entrance passage in such a manner that it was impossible to keep it; so a new stair (Fig. 12) was constructed mostly of old materials and with balusters from the courtyard of an old



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9.—THE GARDEN ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

10.—PATH TO THE GARDEN PORCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

coaching inn at Romsey, adding valuable space and light to the middle of the house.

Like the house, the garden was done by degrees, beginning with the sundial path, seen in the view from the garden porch (Fig. 8), which is bounded by a yew circle where stone steps lead down to a plot of ground on a lower level, and finishing up some five years ago with the square pond garden (Fig. 2). This plot of ground fell so much towards the south that it did not lend itself to formal gardening, which is a thing to be avoided on a slope, and so it remained for many years as a place for bush fruit and a nursery ground. Then the idea occurred of excavating a deep, square lily pond to form the middle feature, which should provide enough material for levelling up; and, when the consequent chaos was reduced to order and the yew hedges had taken shape, it became a very successful part of the garden and fitted in well with what had been done before. The chaos was considerable, for the soil is deep loam on chalk, and the good earth of the lower portion of the plot had first to be removed into a heap to make room to bury the chalk from the bottom of the pond, and then it and the top soil from the pond had to be laid on the chalk to form the new surface. The surrounding beds were planted chiefly with bush roses and scarlet phlox, with tall tulips for the earlier show, and the edges were paved with stones about 12 ins. wide, which solve the difficulty of having to cut back overgrowing plants which kill the turf, and they also help to emphasise the design in a pleasing manner.

Before this a very small bedding-out garden had been made in front of the garden room (Fig. 10), with brick-paved paths and box and saxifrage-edged beds, and a strip of weedy waste ground alongside the field (due to permission to straighten the boundary) was turned by degrees into a wild garden, by excavating the centre and throwing the soil up on either side, so as to form a narrow dell with an irregularly paved path down the middle and a certain amount of rockwork at the sides. The bank next the field was planted with what Miss "Anne Amateur" would call "a hedge of sorts"—spindle wood and palm from neighbouring field rows, fruiting prunus, garden crab-apples, lilacs and hazels—which forms no hard line

and allows the view of the hangers to be seen through; it also provides a wonderful amount of pea-sticks and firewood and, in some seasons, a crop of small golden plums, most excellent for jam. Beyond this hedge there used to be the orchard of the old farm, now entirely ploughed up and thrown into the field; looking down from the hangers when the ground is bare it can still be distinguished by the darker colour of the soil.

Of the four big yew trees, two in the lane survive as at first, but the largest one, on the field side, very soon had its immense head twisted off in a gale and now boasts only one long bough, which frames the view; while the fourth, which stands in the midst of the garden, darkened the windows so much that it was taken ruthlessly in hand some twelve years ago; its head was chopped off, the side boughs were fastened down, and, after three or four years as a scarecrow, it greened up and filled out and is now clipped once a year in the form of an Arab mosque or marabout (the place where the wise man of the village is buried), with arbours within, one facing north and the other south.

The only scrap of history attached to the house is the village tradition that one of Cromwell's generals slept there during the Siege of Winchester, which is quite likely to be true. Winchester was highly Royalist, as befitted the ancient capital of England, and, standing between Portsmouth, Southampton and London, it found itself in one of the centres of the Civil War, and changed hands more than once and suffered sadly. But the castle was so strong that it held out independently of the town, first under Lord Grandison and, at the last, under Lord Ogle, and it was not until the autumn of 1645 that Cromwell could spare the time to undertake the affair in person. He pitched his camp on the downs overlooking the town on the south-west, threw up earthworks on the site of an old Roman camp and planted his cannon. But, before beginning, he sent by his "trumpette" a letter to Mr. Longland the Mayor, saying:

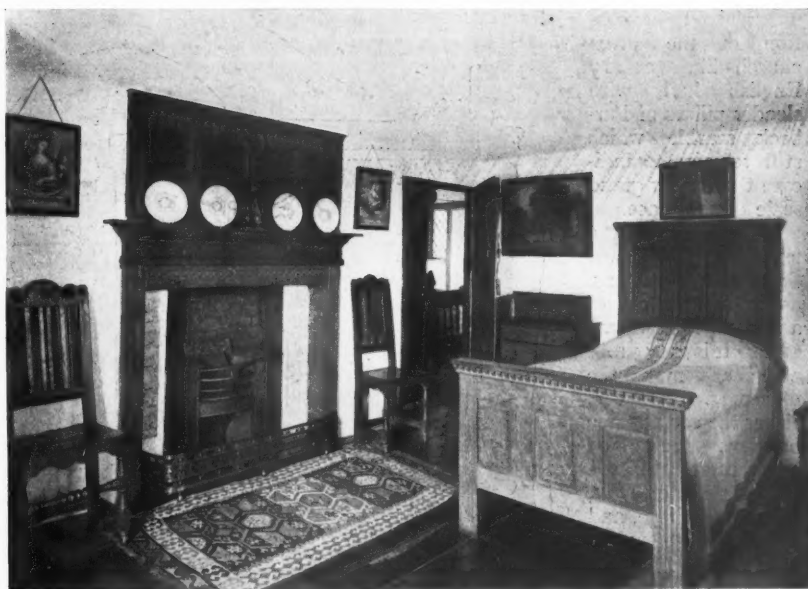
Sir, I come not to this citie, but with a full resolutⁿ to save itt and ye inhabitants thereof from ruine. I have commanded the soldyers upon payne of death that noe wronge bee done, which I shall strictly observe, only I expect you give me entrance into the cittee, without necessitating me to force my way, which if I doe, then it will not be in my power to save you or yt—I expect your answer within half an houre, and rest

Your humble Servant,
Oliv. Cromwell.

Sept 28, 1645

5 o'clock at night

To which the Mayor replied that he had no power in the matter and had forwarded the letter to Lord Ogle, who in turn gave no answer at all. So the bombardment began, and after a few days the Governor, with his garrison reduced to only 300 men through having had to send reinforcements elsewhere, was obliged to capitulate. He was allowed to march out on honourable terms, the cannons from the battery were drawn up close and the fine old castle was reduced to ruins, with the



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11.—A BEDROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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12.—THE STAIRS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

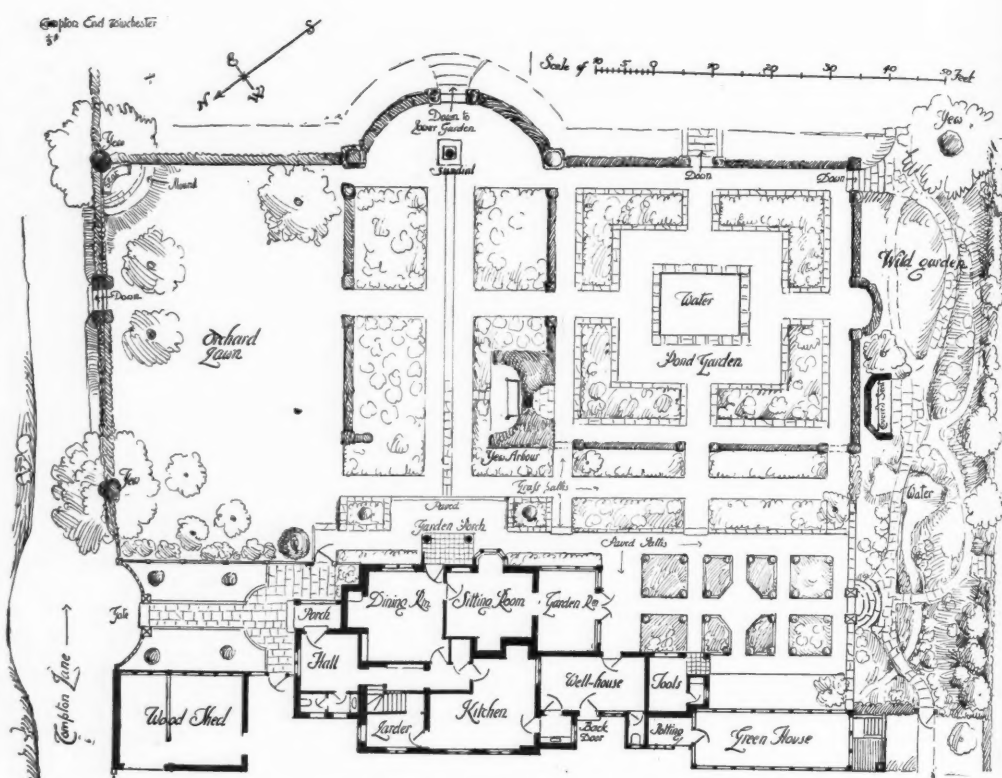
unexplained exception of the great church-like early English hall, with slender pillars of Purbeck marble, which still remains to indicate the former grand scale of the place.

The village lane leads up to Oliver Cromwell's Battery, as it is still called, about a mile away, and so it is very probable that some of the officers and men, either then or at some previous siege of Winchester, billeted themselves in Compton Village, and this house would have been the first they would have come to from the downs. In spite of new villas in the distance, war camps and threats of a military road up the valley (fortunately not carried out), the village and surroundings remain much as they always

were, and Cromwell's Ironsides would still be able to recognise the little farm, although the house and garden

have grown meanwhile, if they came back to visit their old camps again.

G. H. KITCHIN.



PLAN OF HOUSE AND GARDEN.

NAMUR OF TO-DAY



NAMUR is enjoying itself to-day. The strain of over four years of German occupation is lifted and the old wounds of war are healing. One needs only to see this town on a Sunday to realise how much it is enjoying itself. *Tout le monde* once again takes its Sunday walk up in the beloved Citadel; and they do walk, the Namurois—papa, maman, sons and daughters and a few friends attached—possibly English—and as they mount higher and see above them the Belgian flag flying jauntily and, below, the myriad grey roofs of their liberated town they are indeed *bien heureux*. In the streets, too, *le Dimanche se promènent*—Monsieur and Madame—in boots of orange hue, which bespeak coloured paper—and look into the shops and congratulate each other that the goods are already cheaper—in fact, are as cheap as they are in England—and jostle up against soldiers in khaki—Belgian, British, and some spindle-shanked Indians.

The British element is the remnant of the Fourth Army, whose headquarters are here; and the British that are left are “finishing up,” and, incidentally, finishing up, in many cases, their careers as temporary soldiers. In some cases English officers, and non-commissioned officers too, have their wives and families with them. Among the varied traffic of civil and

military motor cars, farmers' gigs and pedestrians pass motor lorries and ambulances driven by neatly dressed drivers of the Women's Legion. The fifty or so khaki women drivers in Namur bring another variation to the existing medley of the civil and military crowd.

All along the banks of the Meuse are lined rows of barges flying the French colours. These barges were left by the Germans at the Armistice and were full of war material, from huts and medical stores to harness, most of the latter being manufactured from paper. As soon as the canals of France are reconstructed these barges will return to their pre-war owners. The “clearing-up” consists, among many other things, of the salving of all German derelict stuff left in the Namur area, the contents of the barges included. Officers go out every day in cars and scour certain regions of the area, and return to report the finding of a dump of ammunition, wire, some lorries, a motor ambulance upside down in a ditch. Lorries or motor tractors are sent out immediately and the derelicts hauled into Namur or dumped on the banks of the Meuse. These dumps stretch along the river—rusty piles of iron, field ovens, picks and shovels, timber, barbed wire, and everything else that can be thought of—a motley echo of the German retreat. Here the

stuff is sold by the Disposals Branch or shipped to England. In another part of the town stretch rows and rows of German guns, limbers, soup kitchens, all war-worn and camouflaged. In some cases the guns are sold, broken up and shipped off by barges to the ironfounders at Liège, but the greater number are sent by train down to the ordnance depôts at the Base for transmission to England. German ammunition, too, is sent down, the collecting and the loading of which are dangerous work, especially in the case of gas shells. These latter are however, quickly disposed of by burial in large holes close to the dumps.

The Belgians are buying all they can get. There seems no shortage of money in Belgium to-day. For a pony not guaranteed sound £68 will be given; for a German motor, without tyres, and in a dilapidated state, £60 is paid down. It is true that the Belgian realises a bargain, and after a few days' work and some small expenditure, the car is ready to take papa, maman, and the girls to Brussels, driven by the eldest son, without hood or wind screen, but otherwise in running order.

Namurois and all other Belgians deserve their Sunday pleasure and any other pleasure, for the nation is now working untiringly to make good the harm done. Like ants they work at the re-laying of the new line between Ostende and Brussels; like ants they move about the brickfields until dark, making and baking the bricks that are to build up the demolished homes; in the tobacco factories the whole family sets to work again to prepare for sale the tobacco that is once more arriving in great sacks from South America; for the home-grown tobacco in the garden borders is being replaced this year by begonias and snapdragons, as in the gardens at home in England.

The horror of the sack of Dinant down the river is just a black nightmare; and once again the Namurois takes its steamer trip to that rock-sheltered town.

Dinant strikes a melancholy note with its ruined streets and bloody memories, but even there the wounds of war are healing over, and the town is again putting forth new life; one sees it in the number of small shops bursting forth amid the ruins of the bigger houses.

But when one walks between the ruins of the Rue Grande and sees the desolation of it all—the little gardens, with their rows of lettuces and onions, made on the site of some houses—one realises that the Dinant once familiar to tourists has gone for ever. The memory of the sight of this ruined town haunts one long afterwards.

All along the Meuse the villas and châteaux, which for four years were occupied by the Bosches, have opened their windows and doors, and the roses and lilies are a-bloom on the terraces; and autos stand at the doors waiting to take the family off to

regions forbidden them for four years. Then there are the stately Madonna lilies. They grow in the gardens by the water and sometimes where the houses are but the skeletons of dwellings. There is a row of these lilies in Namur; they stand in a line behind some tall railings; and behind the lilies sits a row of old blue-smocked men looking out across the waters of the Meuse. It must be an *asile* for the aged. The lilies are very beautiful.

Outwardly, Namur has suffered but slightly in the war. The Hôtel de Ville and shops around have gone—victims of shell fire—and the trams now encircle an empty square where once stood houses and public buildings. The beautiful stone bridge spanning the Meuse is intact save for one arch which was blown up in 1914. When the news came to England that Namur had fallen it was a great surprise, but to the Germans it must have been an even greater. They had expected to find a formidable opposition from the Forts. They even delayed the attack a few days in order to bring up their heavy guns—so say the Namurois. But the strength of the Namur forts was a myth. In the Citadel itself there were some old guns and some dungeons for visitors to visit and directions in French, English, German and Flemish, telling the history of the different ruins. Perhaps the very fact that the forts were weak saved Namur. A terrific bombardment between attacker and attacked would have crumbled the old town to ruins. The Namurois, however, does not look upon its weak defences as its salvation, but had a public service to which thousands came to crown with a crown of gold Notre Dame des Remparts—the figure of the Virgin—from the little chapel near the citadel walls, because through her, for the second time in the history of Namur, the town was saved from destruction. All pious Namurois contributed towards that crown of gold, and all honoured their Lady of the Remparts by marching in the procession when, mounted on a chariot of gold (pulled by four of the British army horses ridden by four British soldiers dressed as Spaniards), the figure processed along the unevenly paved streets amid flags and banners, lighted candles, and holy figures placed in every window.

Namur is enjoying itself *pour sûr*. In public demonstration; in the enjoyment of *la Foire*, with its merry-go-rounds, swing boats, embezzling side-shows, circus and gingerbread stalls, it is making good the bad times.

There is another voice that echoes the joy of Namur—a queer, tinkling voice, which was silent during the war. One hears it best when one mounts La Citadelle and looks down upon dome and roof and winding river. It is not the mingled sound of the Fair which rises in waves from the carousing masses—but the slow tinkling of the old *carillon* as it sends forth over this ancient town on the Sambre and the Meuse the notes of the quaint Namur air—"le Bia Boquet." THEODORA ROSCOE.

IN THE GARDEN

ROSA GALLICA.

By GERTRUDE JEKYLL.

THE quantities of beautiful roses of more recent production are apt to make us overlook the merits of the older kinds. Quite the brightest rose for general effect that has been in my garden this year is a bush of a common type of *Rosa gallica*, such as one may come upon here and there in an old garden, but such as show rosarians would certainly condemn as utter rubbish. The flowers are not much more than 2½ ins. across, but are in generous clusters of nine or thereabouts at the ends of the shoots, and the whole bush is a wonderfully showy mass. The bright effect is increased by the variety of tint, for they open a deep rosy crimson and gradually pale to almost white. Its sweetness and abundance make it a useful pot-pourri rose. Another of these old roses, the blush *gallica*, is also a great favourite. It blooms about a month earlier, in the middle of June. This is rather more of the cabbage rose (*R. centifolia*) form and colour. The cabbage rose itself, with its incomparable sweetness, which no modern rose has ever surpassed, and its crested variety the moss rose, are



ROSA GALLICA.

nearly related to the *gallicas*. They are from roses native to France and Southern Europe and through the skill and patience of first Dutch and then French raisers were the original material, with later additions of Indian blood, from which our modern roses have been derived. But there is still an attractive charm about these older flowers of the botanical section *Gallicaræ* that anyone who truly loves a garden must needs feel, though it may be hard to define.

PLANTING BULBS.

Happily there are good stocks of English-grown bulbs to be had this coming autumn, and one thing we must not omit to do is to plant them freely in our gardens. This is the first autumn for a few years that many readers have had an opportunity of growing bulbs, and those who plant will be repaid in spring a thousand times for the trouble they have taken. Daffodils should be the first to be planted. Let them be planted in beds and borders, in lawns and grassy banks, in pots and bowls, to make the garden and house in spring a place of brightness and beauty.

Planting Daffodils in Grass.—Most readers will agree that

no situation forms so suitable a setting for daffodils as when planted in masses in the grass. In planting, remove the turf in thin layers, take out the earth, just cover the bulbs with fine soil and replace the turf. The old standard varieties are still unequalled for planting in grass, and none is better than Sir Watkin, Emperor, Empress and Golden Spur. For daintiness and grace the following quartet should find a place: Mrs. Langtry, Barr's Conspicuous, Frank Miles and Seagull. In planting daffodils avoid the use of fresh stable manure; it is almost fatal to the bulbs and a common source of failure.

Tulips and Bearded Irises.—As the bulb-planting season will soon be with us, it may be useful to recall a charming combination of bearded irises and tulips that was noticed last May. This was a bold grouping of the common blue flag iris thinly interspersed with the lavender grey coloured tulip, the Rev. H. Ewbank. Those who possess groups of the popular iris should procure bulbs of this tulip during the next few weeks and plant them between the irises. A delightful colour contrast may be obtained by intermingling the tulips Bouton d'Or and La Tulipe Noire. H. C.

NATURE NOTES

THE PANDA AS A PET

I HAVE a rather uncommon pet in the shape of a panda. The panda, or "cat-bear" as it has been very aptly named, displaying as it does the characteristics and mannerisms of both these species in many respects, comes from the far Himalaya. My specimen is roughly three parts grown, but when full grown—to judge from a pair at Regent's Park, it is of the size of a large fox. The head is broad and rounded, the muzzle extremely short, and the eyes quite amazingly small. The feet are plantigrade and are armed with sharp curved claws, partially retractile, the soles being covered with hair. The fur is thick and long, with a woolly underfur. In colour the whole of the back is of a bright rusty red, flanks tawny, the underparts and legs black, the face white, save for a vertical stripe of orange proceeding from each eye to the angle of the mouth; inner surfaces and tips of ears also white, the tail red, ringed with dark maroon, tip black.

There can be but little doubt that the panda is for the most part an herbivorous animal, though insects, especially beetles, are almost certainly included in the bill of fare. It is true that the keeper of the Small Cat House at the London "Zoo" informs me that the pandas there have grown accustomed to a diet of raw meat, freshly killed sparrows, etc., and if appearances count for anything, they certainly thrive on such a diet. But I think that such food is entirely unnatural to them in a wild state. Judging from my own specimen, I should be inclined to doubt very much whether even an egg diet is natural to the species. "Johnny," as I have christened him, will not look at an egg in any shape or form, not even when beaten up and disguised in milk, of which beverage, incidentally, he is inordinately fond. The panda, apart from the structure of its teeth, which are far more adapted to the munching of tender bamboo shoots than to the

Pandas are credited by some authorities with uttering loud, unearthly cries, and also a kind of chirp. "Johnny," however, has never given vent to anything of the kind; in fact, the only sound I have ever heard him utter is a kind of grunt when angry or frightened, and a sort of sneeze or cough when uneasy or suspicious. When introduced to any strange animal, such as a dog or a cat, he will rear himself upon his haunches to his full height, waving his front paws in the air, exactly recalling a miniature bear, and then suddenly hurl himself forward on his adversary with a loud growl or grunt, and with quite remarkable speed for such a normally slothful creature.

"Johnny" is a thirsty soul and consumes quite an incredible amount of liquid during the day. He appears to become much more energetic towards evening, from which it would almost seem that the species is crepuscular in habit, though the minute size of the eyes hardly seems to bear out this theory. Of course, the terrific heat we experienced in June may have had something to do with this tendency of his, but even in July, when we certainly could not make any such complaints, he continued to show much greater activity during the evenings. "Johnny," however, is very impatient of heat, and would not, I believe, long survive in a hot climate, despite what has been asserted to the contrary. Unlike most other animals, he does not care even to bask in the sun on a cold day; in fact, the least bit of sunshine sends him to cover instantly.

"Johnny" was very wild on arrival, but soon lost his shyness, and at the time of writing, some nine weeks since his arrival, he is, though still rather nervous when handled, perfectly tame. He has a rather curious habit sometimes of reclining with his back resting against some object, such as a log of wood, etc., his hind legs stretched out in front of him, a very human-like pose and totally unlike anything I have ever observed in any other species excepting, perhaps, the lemurs. GERALD E. RATTIGAN.

FROM SCRABSTER TO SCAPA.

About forty-five minutes' run out from Scrabster on a northeasterly course the prominent headland Dunnett Head lies on the starboard beam, while one's goal, the Orkneys, with the Old Man of Hoy out to the westward, lie on the port bow, the former a sheer cliff some 300ft. high, the strata of which run horizontally, juts boldly out to sea. Here one meets with a scene of great activity. On every ledge are row upon row of white-breasted guillemots and razorbills, with countless gulls wheeling and screaming across the face of the cliff, the whole presenting a picture of unending vitality and voraciousness. Both the common and black guillemots are here in abundance, and the razorbill and puffin are almost on a par with them numerically. The little auk, however, would appear to be far more scarce, while the most ubiquitous of all is the shag. The fulmar petrel (*Fulmarus glacialis*) is very conspicuous off Dunnett Head, and is of interest as it has recently extended its breeding range in the Orkney Group, a fact established by the observations of Lieutenant-Commander A. Fawcett, R.N. To the unperceiving the presence of this bird could easily be missed, since its colour scheme is similar to that of many of the commoner gulls, and only those familiar with its distinctive flight are likely to identify it.

As the boat leaves Dunnett Head and strikes out across the Pentland the alca become less numerous and the roaming species more evident. Herring gulls and kittiwakes follow astern, perhaps thirty or forty gannets pass by exhibiting their curious undulating flight, each presenting a decidedly stellate form, their wings appearing markedly truncated on account of the black tips. They may be seen when fishing to take the water one by one in a stone-like plunge with the wings held, half closed, to the body, and in the imagination one sees the shoal scattering in all directions from this bolt from the blue, for the gannet is an expert fisher, and his streamline might well have been designed for these diving stunts. But the variety is not yet expended, for as the coastline of the mainland dwindles into the distance and the lighthouse on the summit of Dunnett Head becomes a mere white speck surmounting the black cliff we know we are well out in the Firth. Across this more open stretch of water, especially as it is usually rather choppy, we do not expect to meet with very much in the bird line, and perhaps we have relaxed our watch when the interest is again roused by a company of wildfowl just pitched on the water a



JOHNNY THE PANDA.

tearing of meat, is slow and somewhat awkward in its movements, having a slow and curious rolling gait when on the ground, and would surely be utterly incapable, even if it so desired, of capturing game, either of the fur or feathered variety.

His bill of fare when he came into my possession consisted solely of maize-meal prepared like a very sloppy porridge, and I found considerable difficulty at first in weaning him from this food. He is, as a matter of fact, extremely conservative in his tastes, as, indeed, are also, I am informed, those at the "Zoo," and it requires a considerable amount of coaxing and camouflage to induce him to sample anything new. His diet at the time of writing consists of dates, locust beans and monkey nuts; for the latter he has a perfect passion, although I rather doubt whether these are beneficial to him, for he does not appear to be able to digest them properly. He will also partake sparingly of sponge or currant cake and bread and butter. Fresh fruit, upon which, according to most authorities, pandas largely subsist in a wild state, he cannot find any use for, and when, by carefully disguising it in milk, etc., I have induced him to sample such fruits as bananas, apple or orange, he shows his disgust by vigorously shaking his head and behaving after the manner of the celebrated Dr. Johnson on an historic occasion upon which, while dining out, he found himself in danger of swallowing some particularly unsavoury or indigestible morsel.

Upon one occasion I captured a beetle for "Johnny," which he devoured greedily, tending to substantiate the theory I have already propounded as to the insectivorous habits of the species.

hundred yards ahead. A view through glasses as they top the waves reveals a party of common eider (*Somateria mollissima*), the adult males with their jet black bellies and white upper parts making a handsome picture, while the pale green patches on either side of the occiput are characteristically clear.

Other species of diving duck are to be met with on this run, including the long-tailed duck (*Clangula hyemalis*), whose curiously penetrating call note usually attracts attention. To see a party of long-tails breasting the weather is a delightful sight, nor are they less attractive when seen on a cold, calm

day, the long central tail feathers of the drake carried at an angle which imparts to the bird a pertness quite its own. All three species of scoter occur, but the velvet (*Oidemia fusca*) is the one most frequently met with, while it may be said of the group of diving duck as a whole that they are only to be seen but infrequently on the crossing, as they seek the shoal waters where mollusca and marine forms abound and are more easily available for them, for the weather in the Firth is unsettling and its soundings are deep.

JAMES M. HARRISON, SURGEON LIEUTENANT, R.N. (Temp.)

LITERATURE

A WOMAN OF ALL TIME

The Arrow of Gold, by Joseph Conrad. (Fisher Unwin, 8s.)

WRITERS in all ages, and especially poetic writers, have been driven to crystallise either in song or story their conception of the women who are above all laws. Their attraction is endless, because, as Henry Allègre says in this present book, they "have in them something of the women of all time." They are natural, if rare products. They are eternal because they are comprehensive. Beauty is generally their prerogative, and always the terrible power of attracting unwilling and unasked-for love. Most of their qualities are large qualities, either for good or evil, and they reap alike large victories and large defeats.

Of this company is Mr. Conrad's Rita, and certainly one of the most lovable. She has that simplicity and breadth, that humanity and strength, and, above all, that capacity for suffering which are the marks of those who possess a genius for life. And not only have they the capacity for suffering, but they inflict it. They cause turmoil by simply existing. Madame Lastaola is own sister to that fair figure, that "pearl,"

Whose price hath launched a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.

Pity is perhaps an insult, and yet pity is certainly the first feeling that these women arouse. Tragedy seems their inevitable fate either without or within. As Mrs. Blunt says—"Such women are not born often. Most of them lack opportunities. They never develop. They end obscurely. Here and there one survives to make her mark—even on history. . . . And even that is not a very enviable fate. They are at another pole from the so-called dangerous women who are merely coquettes. A coquette has got to work for success. The others have nothing to do but simply exist." . . . Pity, even for the successful ones, is at all events what Mr. Conrad feels. Every touch of his on the portrait is tender, chivalrous, obviously the touch of a hand that loves. She is a brave, gentle work of art, this instance of the sole type of womanhood that is naturally—not deliberately—above all rules except the rule of love.

This creation is especially interesting to students of Conrad, since no woman hitherto has completely dominated any of his books. He has notable women, of course, such as Winnie Verloc and Mrs. Gould, that still and stable figure in her shifting South American world, but none as yet has completely filled the stage. Even in "Chance" and "Victory," both women's stories, the women do not hold the book. But Rita holds it—simply, greatly, sadly, as she held so many other things, willingly or unwillingly, in the palm of her fated hand.

We have grown to look for Conrad's sailor-man as a matter of course, and almost certainly for the sailor-man's sea. But though we have a sailor of sorts in *The Arrow of Gold*, he is not in the least our friend of ancient time. The author warns us in his preface that Monsieur George "pretended rather absurdly to be a seaman himself," as if a seaman was ultimately what we should not find him. And certainly occasional bouts of gun-running, sandwiched between infinitely more detailed returns, cannot give us the breath of the ocean for which we long. There is no ever-present sea at the back of his mind. Monsieur George is no doubt exactly suited to Mr. Conrad's purpose, but we find ourselves hankering after the pleasant youth of the "Reminiscences," and the sturdy, open-eyed memory of young Powell.

As for the Carlist conspiracy which forms the background of the book, it and its kind have been used so often that they lack interest a trifle even in master hands. It

does not seem, indeed, as if Mr. Conrad himself were particularly interested in it. Possibly he chose it merely as one of the natural backgrounds against which the "women of all time" are most clearly seen. The desperate hopes of embryo kings are of course the opportunities of such women as these. The hackneyed nature of the setting, however, does not injure the fact that Rita herself, though old as the hills, is, at the same time, deliciously fresh and new.

The style of the book emphasises very distinctly the author's later period. The poetic fervour of the earlier work is gone. There remain only the irony, the melancholy, the ever-present consciousness of futility; and even what passionate undercurrents exist gleam only at intervals through the measured speech. The speech, indeed, is measured at times almost to irritation. The method becomes extraordinarily the method of Henry James, and, after the method, some of the characters follow suit. We feel this so strongly, for instance, in Captain Blunt and his mother, that it almost throws them out of what is, after all, the Conrad picture. There are times when we find ourselves, thoroughly bewildered, turning to look at the author's name on the cover. And yet the strangest thing about this is—since, after all, English was James' mother-tongue—that never has Conrad written a book that proclaims him more clearly of another land. In both language and interplay of mind it is easy to trace the fact (our national loss, indeed, and yet perhaps also our literary gain) that this great English writer was not English-born.

The book rounds off neatly with the wheel coming full circle between carnival and carnival, and yet at the end we are conscious of disappointment. The scene in the *salon*, with the love-lorn lunatic howling outside the door, promises us climax time and again, and yet we never get an actual climax. Certainly it is the cause of the breaking point to which Rita finally comes, flinging away her lingering scruples over Monsieur George, but the effect is to leave us slightly puzzled . . . let down . . . cold. We feel that out of all that tenseness of feeling, alternating between ludicrousness and tragedy, something more definite should have emerged. It is true, no doubt, that real life is like that—that even these superhuman women may be denied a great dramatic *clou*. Yet somehow the dramatic *clou* is needed to make the book complete. For lack of it even Rita herself fades from us, as the Blunts have already faded, and as one and all fade from the fallen stage of the lost Carlist cause.

But, even with this disappointment, with the trouble about Henry James, and especially with our own warm longing for the Conrad of "The Nigger of the Narcissus," and of "Youth," we are grateful, as always, for fresh work from this artist's pen. In Rita we have another acquaintance whom we greet with passionate interest and part from with regret. For Thérèse, too, we feel a grudge at fate when we have to let her go. The relation between the two sisters is in many ways the central interest of the book, and of the two, Thérèse, because of her narrower scope, is perhaps the more finished portrait. Nowhere has there been more clearly shown the chasm that yawns between the great and the small souls of the same blood. The treatment of this problem would in itself make an unusual achievement of *The Arrow of Gold*, but in the last event it is Rita alone who commands our remembrance and our love. We close the book on the words of a poet who saw in a dream these "women of all time," as—

Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand
The downward slope to death.

CONSTANCE HOLME.

THE ESTATE MARKET

THE DUKE OF PORTLAND'S £350,000 SALE

THE vacation has been much more thoroughly observed than at one time seemed probable. Such sales as remained to be conducted towards the end of the season were deferred until next month, or have since been rendered unnecessary by negotiation. Dates are fixed for autumn auctions, and, from all we hear from prospective purchasers and others, there may be disappointments in store for those who delay in closing private treaty for at least two of the finest properties which have been lately mentioned in COUNTRY LIFE. Spirited competition is going on behind the scenes.

THE DUKE OF PORTLAND'S AYRSHIRE ESTATES.

The Duke of Portland has sold about £350,000 worth of farms on his Ayrshire estates, principally to the tenantry, and in every case by private bargain, the work being carried out by Mr. J. Harling Turner, the Duke's factor and commissioner. His Grace has two seats in the county, Castle Cessnock and Fullarton House, and a third in Caithness-shire, the Langwell Estate. He has made a gift to the Board of Agriculture, for the purpose of settling ex-service men on the land, of a portion of Collennan Farm, near Troon.

Lord Falmouth has commissioned Messrs. Body and Son and Mr. James Escott to sell about 5,000 acres of his Cornish estates, the sales taking place at Truro and Penzance early next month. Lord Knaresborough has instructed Messrs. John Todd and William Parlour to dispose of Kirby Hall, including the mansion and 3,600 acres, on September 4th and 9th, at York and Ouseburn. Plans are being prepared for the formation of a new "garden city" in the neighbourhood of Welwyn, and it transpires that some of the purchases at Lord Desborough's recent sale of the Panshanger estate were on that account. Accommodation for an aeroplane service between London and the new township is one of the features of the scheme.

"RYGATE": A REMINDER.

As Evelyn has it in his Diary: "Rygate . . . an ancient monastery . . . the house nobly furnished" is for sale on September 9th, at Hanover Square, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, with all its stately furniture and appointments, on behalf of Mr. Somers Somerset. The property, which is, of course, now known as Reigate Priory, was referred to at some length in these columns as recently as July 5th, so there is no need to say more about it to-day. The house was illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE of April 6th and 13th, 1918. It is deservedly esteemed one of the most perfect of the famous English homes, and fortunate indeed will be whoever is in a position to seize the opportunity of buying the house along with its exquisite contents. The rare Old English and French furniture maintains the character of Reigate Priory remarked by Evelyn—"the house nobly furnished."

Among the old Dorset homes shortly coming under the hammer is Hooke Court, a former residence of the Earl of Sandwich. The estate of 1,190 acres, near Beaminster, to be sold at Dorchester on September 11th, by Messrs. Fox and Sons, affords three miles of trout fishing and excellent shooting.

Mapperton House, which is, as Sir Frederick Treves says in "Highways and Byways of Dorset," "one of the most famous houses in Dorset and one of the most charming and picturesque," comes under the hammer of Messrs. Hy. Duke and Son, at Dorchester, to-day (Saturday). The principal lot has 104 acres of land, but the opportunity is presented, if desired, of acquiring about 1,000 acres. The house was illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE of July 6th, 1901, and October 11th, 1913.

The Cotswold manor house, Coombend, Elkstone, built in the beginning of the seventeenth century, was to have been offered at Cirencester on Monday, but was sold beforehand by Messrs. Millar, Son and Co.

FORREST AND OTHER SALES.

At Dumfries last Wednesday Messrs. Castiglione and Scott offered the Forrest estate for Sir John Wood, M.P. With Garrories it forms a capital sporting and farming estate of nearly 19,000 acres, and carries at present close upon 6,000 sheep, which the buyers of the various farms take over. The Lodge was rebuilt about ten years ago in the Scottish baronial style. Other sales by the firm include the remaining 18,000 acres of the Haddo House estate at Aberdeen on September 8th and three following days. They will also shortly sell Lord Foley's Ruxley Lodge estate in Surrey, and next month they are disposing of the magnificent furniture and valuable pictures, the accumulations of three centuries of luxurious taste and lavish expenditure. An idea of the rarity of some of the pieces can be formed by a glance at the illustrations which Messrs. Castiglione and Scott have inserted in the Supplement of COUNTRY LIFE.

Interest in the Quantock estate auction at Bridgwater, which closed yesterday week, was possibly all the keener owing to the fact that about 50 per cent. of the 175 lots had already been privately sold by Messrs. C. R. Morris, Sons and Peard. It is only a few weeks since the firm sold the whole estate of 8,000 acres for Mr. E. A. V. Stanley, and the re-sale has been very successful. The mansion was withdrawn at £24,000. Nearly 2,000 acres

were purchased by the Somerset County Council, as settlements for ex-Service men.

Six hill farms, extending to 9,380 acres, on Mr. C. J. Leyland's Haggerston Castle estate, have been sold by Messrs. Millers at Berwick-on-Tweed, four by auction and two privately, for a total of about £80,000. Upwards of £210,000 has been realised through Messrs. Daniel Smith, Cakley and Garrard and Messrs. Bidwell and Sons for the Burlingham Hall estate, Norfolk, under the hammer and otherwise.

ARBITER

LYPIATT.

Lypiatt, near Stroud, one of the most famous and beautiful estates in Gloucestershire, is for sale. It stands on the edge of a high plateau, 800ft. above sea level, commanding the road from Stroud on the Severn to Cirencester and the Upper Thames valley. It is an old monastic house of the sixteenth century, similar in character to Ford Abbey in Dorset. The picturesque guest house still survives, smaller, but equally as perfect as that of Workop Priory in Notts, and a beautiful Perpendicular cloister connects the chapel with the house. The "great hall" has few rivals of its kind in England. There is a square tower in each wing, and other towers and tourelles are a prominent feature of the gardens, which are further distinguished by a magnificent broad terrace like a rampart along the hill's edge, a long beech avenue from the house to Bisley, and three ancient stews or fish ponds.

Lypiatt (illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE of December 1st, 1900) passed into the possession of the Throckmortons towards the end of the sixteenth century, but they sold it in 1610 to a Stephens, whose family held it till 1778. Subsequently it frequently changed hands, till it was bought in 1847 by Sir John Dorington, whose son, the last baronet, was a well known Member of Parliament and an almost unrivalled authority on all matters relating to county administration. Lypiatt, it may be added, was, for a time, garrisoned for the Parliament during the Civil War, but it mercifully escaped the destructive experiences of siege or storm. There is a strong tradition that it was in one of the old rooms at Lypiatt that the Gunpowder Plot was hatched. A daughter of the Throckmorton who then lived at Lypiatt married Catesby, the chief agent in the conspiracy, and it is rather a curious coincidence that Ashby St. Ledgers, in Northants, where Catesby himself lived and to which he fled on Guy Fawkes' arrest, is also for sale at the same time as Lypiatt.

BURTON PYNSENT AND THE EARL OF CHATHAM.

Another interesting historical estate which has recently come into the market is that of Burton Pynsent, near Llangport in Somerset, on high ground above the sluggish Parrett and commanding fine views over the Sedgemoor levels. It takes the name of Pynsent from the family of that name, which became extinct in the year 1765 on the death of the last baronet, Sir William Pynsent. Having no heirs, he left the property to William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, "in his veneration of a great character of exemplary virtue and unrivalled ability." Lady Chatham lived there during her widowhood till her death in 1803, and the younger Pitt passed some years of his boyhood under its roof. Afterwards the house and grounds were dismantled of their principal treasures, and a quarter of a century ago there was a disastrous fire. The house, however, was recently restored. The estate, which is well timbered, consists of 293 acres, and its sale has been entrusted to Messrs. Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard.

The Haldon estate is to be offered for sale by auction in the autumn. Its beauties are well known in the West of England, for Great Haldon is the high ridge immediately to the south of Exeter, up which the high road mounts for Chudleigh, while the railway clings to the estuary of the Exe and the coast line. The mansion of brick and stucco was built by Sir George Chudleigh in 1735, on the model of "The Queen's House, St. James' Park," better known to-day as Buckingham Palace, and it has been considerably added to and improved from time to time. In 1769 it came into possession of Sir Robert Palk, one of whose heirs became the first Lord Haldon, but it passed out of the possession of that family some years ago. The estate is of 2,830 acres, with a rent-roll of £2,227 (exclusive of the mansion, park, woodland and Lome farm), and is beautifully wooded. Messrs. Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard are the auctioneers.

Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. have two specially interesting estates on their books. One is the Manor House, Great Somerford, a few miles to the south of Malmesbury. This is a picturesque old manor-house, two-storied up to its stone balustrade and carefully restored, which in the seventeenth century was the home of the Jansons. It is close to an ancient ford on the stripling Avon, which once was protected by a stockade or an artificial mound, which forms part of the estate of 86 acres. There are trout in Avon, and a squash racquet court may also be a strong attraction to some house-hunters. The other estate referred to is within four miles of Lincoln, whose cathedral towers are visible from the house. This is Sudbrook Holme, an estate of 1,900 acres, of which the park takes up nearly five hundred. It is a Georgian house, with large reception rooms, decorated in the Adam style, surrounded by spacious terraces above fine gardens and lakes.

F.

CORRESPONDENCE

A PLEA FOR THE SMALL-HOLDERS OF THE NEW FOREST. [TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—You have for so long encouraged those of us who are trying to improve our native breeds of ponies, and have also supported and advised the small-holders of this country, that I trust you will allow me to ask your help for the New Forest. The commoners of the New Forest are small-holders of long standing. Their holdings are from twenty acres to five acres (by far the larger number of holdings are from five acres to ten acres) in extent. In addition to this they have immemorial rights of grazing ponies, cattle and, in certain months of the year, pigs on the Forest. The Crown, represented by the Woods and Forests Department of the Board of Agriculture, is the landlord of the Forest. I am sorry to say that the history of the New Forest is one of continual encroachment by the Crown on the rights of the commoners, and even to-day, when we might hope for better things from a Government supposed to favour the extension of small holdings, the authorities have to be closely watched lest they filch the rights of the commoners. There is a Commoners' Defence Association which does what it can to protect the interests of the small-holders, but it is not a wealthy body. The New Forest commoner is a man willing and able to help himself. The commoners support two strong local associations for the improvement of Forest ponies, and of these the Burley Society also provides prizes for cattle and pigs. Might we not suppose that people who thus help themselves might expect support from Government Departments? The fact is that all the work done for ponies and cattle is threatened with destruction. There are two most serious matters which threaten the future of the ponies and cattle, and, of course, the prosperity of the commoners of the Forest—possibly their very existence. Once every year I ride or walk over a considerable part of the Forest in order to inspect and award premiums to the brood mares on behalf of the National Pony Society and the Burley and District Society. On every side I hear of the diminution of the numbers of Forest ponies and the discouragement of owners and breeders. The reasons are two. First, the deterioration of the pasture, due entirely to the neglect of care such as any ordinary estate owners would give. The ditches are never cleaned out, the low-lying portions are swampy bogs, and the grass disappears to make room for plants of little or no value. The scrub jungle is never cleared; the invaluable gorse is neglected, and I have no hesitation in saying that the Forest supplies about one quarter of the milk and butter of which its pastures are capable, and which were actually supplied from twenty to thirty years ago. Swamp and scrub jungle occupy from a third to a half of the available Forest pasture. There have been forty years of neglect, and another ten years will finish the Forest as a grazing ground and extinguish a fine race of small-holders. The commoners feel bitterly that the Crown is hostile to their just rights. Whether this is so now or not it certainly was the case some years ago, when several deliberate attempts were made to extinguish the commoners' rights. But this is not all. A fresh danger has arisen. Since the war the Forest roads are crowded with a new and irresponsible race of motorists. They are ignorant or careless of the fact that the roads are as much common as the heath, and that the cows, pigs and ponies have a perfect right on the roads. Since February fourteen ponies and cows have been killed outright, and a number of others so injured that they have crawled away to die. There seems to be no remedy and no protection. Supposing the roads were fenced, this would be a remedy worse than the disease, since a free range is necessary to the ponies and cattle on the Forest. The only sound plan would be to re-establish the Forest gates. The number of every car should be taken on entering and leaving the Forest. If we could bring home to the minds of a certain class of motorists that they are liable for damage done, and that if they or their cars are injured they have, within Forest limits, no remedy, the reckless drivers who have much increased since the war would be led to drive with more care when they knew they were within the boundaries of the Forest. In the meantime, the ponies and cattle are decreasing, breeders who have done good work are depressed, and a bitter feeling is arising among the people. We have other grievances, but this letter is too long already.—T. F. DALE, Chairman, Mountain and Moorland Committee of the National Pony Society, and Secretary, Burley and District Pony and Cattle Society.

THE BRENT VALLEY BIRD SANCTUARY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The Brent Valley Bird Sanctuary of the Selborne Society has been carried on for sixteen years, and apart from the experimental work which has resulted in the sending of nesting-boxes all over the country and to different parts of the world, much pleasure has been given to very numerous visitors of all classes. The Committee has, until recently, been able to keep things going on the profits obtained from the sale of nesting-boxes, together with occasional donations. The war upset all arrangements, and turned the

balance in hand in 1914 into one due to the Secretary, so that it has been found necessary to make an appeal for direct contributions. These may be sent to me at The Hermitage, Hanwell, W.7, together with orders for nesting-boxes. With a greatly increased amount of land under cultivation, and in view of the Government's afforestation scheme, the need for augmenting the number of insect-eating birds is manifest, and the importance of bird sanctuaries is greater than ever. Under these circumstances it may not be out of place to express the hope that someone may come forward and put the Sanctuary upon a permanent basis.—WILFRED MARK WEBB.

"IS THE HEDGEHOG A CRIMINAL?"

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I see that one of your correspondents asks the question "Is the Hedgehog a Criminal?" and says, "the old theory that they take the milk from the cows lying in the field is now quite exploded." At the present time I regret to say I have a very large number on my farm, and still further regret that they do not only take the milk from the cows, but they have this summer nearly ruined my four cows by biting the cows' udders and causing poison with their teeth. This is absolutely correct, as my men have found them lying by the cows actually doing it. Therefore I must say the hedgehog is a criminal, at the same time acknowledging that he is useful in a garden.—ARTHUR DODD.

[Mr. J. G. Millais in his well known book "The Mammals of Great Britain and Ireland" suggests that "Cows in full lactation often have drops of milk clinging to their udders, and a hedgehog snouting round for insects might well come across this unexpected delicacy and lick it off." We feel great doubt as to the hedgehog doing any more than this. Our correspondent's cows must surely be of a very long-suffering temper. We can conceive the hedgehog getting one bite, but hardly more.—Ed.]

HOME-MADE APPLE RINGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your readers may be glad to be reminded how easy it is to make dried apple rings in this hot August sunshine without aid from any artificial heat. The soft summer apples which only keep a few days or weeks may by this method be kept, not only for the coming winter, but for a quite indefinite period. The apples should be peeled and cored, cut into rings of about a third of an inch in thickness, and spread in the sun on wire trays so that the warm air reaches both sides at once. After two days, exposure to strong sunshine they may be strung and hung up in the open for a day or two, thus vacating the trays for a further supply of rings. When perfectly dry they should be quite pliable and leathery, and may then be laid away in paper bags until required for cooking. These home-made apple rings are quite as good as those to be bought in the shops. We only finished in June the apples we had preserved by this method in August, 1917.—MURIEL KENNY.

PRIMULA SCOTICA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

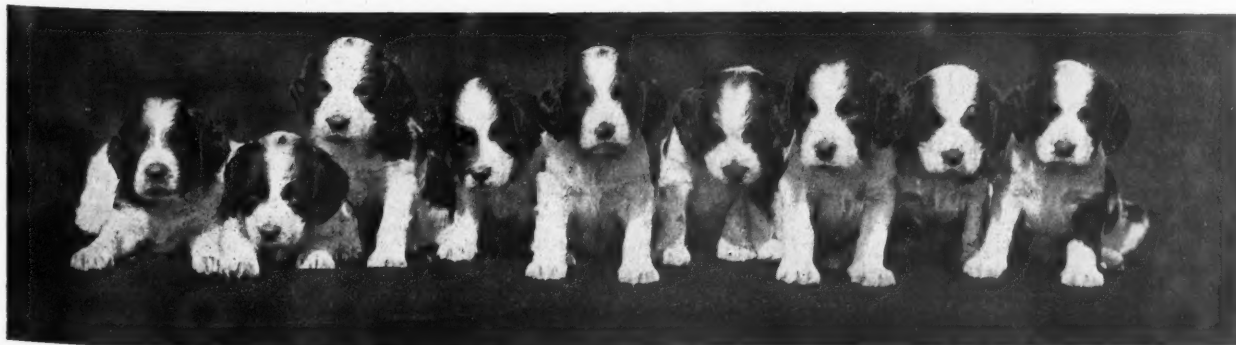
SIR,—I am sending you under separate cover a couple of plants I found this afternoon. It is, I believe, a tiny primula, and is said to grow in one place only, viz., on South Walls (the southern portion of Hoy of the Orkney group). I found several plants growing close to the edge of the cliff, which is about 50ft. high just there. I had heard before about this primula, but had never found it. We should very much like to know what it is and what is known about it.—JOHN MARTIN (Surgeon-Commander, R.N.).

[The species sent is *Primula scotica*, found only in the extreme north of Scotland and Orkneys, usually on sandy heaths. In many ways it resembles the better known *P. farinosa*, but it is only half the size. It is a dainty plant, and the bright little flowers are rosy purple in colour with a conspicuous yellow eye. Curiously enough, the geographical form which comes close to it is *P. magellanica*, which occurs only in the region around the Straits of Magellan, i.e., in Southern Chile, Terra del Fuego, Patagonia. This is the representative in the southern hemisphere. The reason why such very closely allied species should be so widely separated is a subject that has given rise to interesting theories not unassociated with the glacial period.—Ed.]

FIELD SPANIEL PUPPIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you a photograph herewith of a litter of field spaniel puppies, which you may like to insert in your most excellent paper. They were four weeks old when photographed, and I have brought them all up; they are now nine weeks old and very healthy. The mother is so fit that she is going to figure at a local dog show this week.—T. E. GRIFFITH.



FOUR WEEKS OLD.

THE ESTATE MARKET

THE DUKE OF PORTLAND'S £350,000 SALE

THE vacation has been much more thoroughly observed than at one time seemed probable. Such sales as remained to be conducted towards the end of the season were deferred until next month, or have since been rendered unnecessary by negotiation. Dates are fixed for autumn auctions, and, from all we hear from prospective purchasers and others, there may be disappointments in store for those who delay in closing private treaty for at least two of the finest properties which have been lately mentioned in COUNTRY LIFE. Spirited competition is going on behind the scenes.

THE DUKE OF PORTLAND'S AYRSHIRE ESTATES.

The Duke of Portland has sold about £350,000 worth of farms on his Ayrshire estates, principally to the tenantry, and in every case by private bargain, the work being carried out by Mr. J. Harling Turner, the Duke's factor and commissioner. His Grace has two seats in the county, Castle Cessnock and Fullarton House, and a third in Caithness-shire, the Langwell Estate. He has made a gift to the Board of Agriculture, for the purpose of settling ex-service men on the land, of a portion of Collennan Farm, near Troon.

Lord Falmouth has commissioned Messrs. Body and Son and Mr. James Escott to sell about 5,000 acres of his Cornish estates, the sales taking place at Truro and Penzance early next month. Lord Knaresborough has instructed Messrs. John Todd and William Parlour to dispose of Kirby Hall, including the mansion and 3,600 acres, on September 4th and 9th, at York and Ouseburn. Plans are being prepared for the formation of a new "garden city" in the neighbourhood of Welwyn, and it transpires that some of the purchases at Lord Desborough's recent sale of the Panshanger estate were on that account. Accommodation for an aeroplane service between London and the new township is one of the features of the scheme.

"RYGATE": A REMINDER.

As Evelyn has it in his Diary: "Rygate . . . an ancient monastery . . . the house nobly furnished" is for sale on September 9th, at Hanover Square, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, with all its stately furniture and appointments, on behalf of Mr. Somers Somerset. The property, which is, of course, now known as Reigate Priory, was referred to at some length in these columns as recently as July 5th, so there is no need to say more about it to-day. The house was illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE of April 6th and 13th, 1918. It is deservedly esteemed one of the most perfect of the famous English homes, and fortunate indeed will be whoever is in a position to seize the opportunity of buying the house along with its exquisite contents. The rare Old English and French furniture maintains the character of Reigate Priory remarked by Evelyn—"the house nobly furnished."

Among the old Dorset homes shortly coming under the hammer is Hooke Court, a former residence of the Earl of Sandwich. The estate of 1,190 acres, near Beaminster, to be sold at Dorchester on September 11th, by Messrs. Fox and Sons, affords three miles of trout fishing and excellent shooting.

Mapperton House, which is, as Sir Frederick Treves says in "Highways and Byways of Dorset," "one of the most famous houses in Dorset and one of the most charming and picturesque," comes under the hammer of Messrs. Hy. Duke and Son, at Dorchester, to-day (Saturday). The principal lot has 104 acres of land, but the opportunity is presented, if desired, of acquiring about 1,000 acres. The house was illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE of July 6th, 1901, and October 11th, 1913.

The Cotswold manor house, Coombend, Elkstone, built in the beginning of the seventeenth century, was to have been offered at Cirencester on Monday, but was sold beforehand by Messrs. Millar, Son and Co.

FORREST AND OTHER SALES.

At Dumfries last Wednesday Messrs. Castiglione and Scott offered the Forrest estate for Sir John Wood, M.P. With Garrories it forms a capital sporting and farming estate of nearly 19,000 acres, and carries at present close upon 6,000 sheep, which the buyers of the various farms take over. The Lodge was rebuilt about ten years ago in the Scottish baronial style. Other sales by the firm include the remaining 18,000 acres of the Haddo House estate at Aberdeen on September 8th and three following days. They will also shortly sell Lord Foley's Ruxley Lodge estate in Surrey, and next month they are disposing of the magnificent furniture and valuable pictures, the accumulations of three centuries of luxurious taste and lavish expenditure. An idea of the rarity of some of the pieces can be formed by a glance at the illustrations which Messrs. Castiglione and Scott have inserted in the Supplement of COUNTRY LIFE.

Interest in the Quantock estate auction at Bridgwater, which closed yesterday week, was possibly all the keener owing to the fact that about 50 per cent. of the 175 lots had already been privately sold by Messrs. C. R. Morris, Sons and Peard. It is only a few weeks since the firm sold the whole estate of 8,000 acres for Mr. E. A. V. Stanley, and the re-sale has been very successful. The mansion was withdrawn at £24,000. Nearly 2,000 acres

were purchased by the Somerset County Council, as settlements for ex-Service men.

Six hill farms, extending to 9,380 acres, on Mr. C. J. Leyland's Haggerston Castle estate, have been sold by Messrs. Millers at Berwick-on-Tweed, four by auction and two privately, for a total of about £80,000. Upwards of £210,000 has been realised through Messrs. Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard and Messrs. Bidwell and Sons for the Burlingham Hall estate, Norfolk, under the hammer and otherwise.

ARBITER.

LYPIATT.

Lypiatt, near Stroud, one of the most famous and beautiful estates in Gloucestershire, is for sale. It stands on the edge of a high plateau, 800ft. above sea level, commanding the road from Stroud on the Severn to Cirencester and the Upper Thames valley. It is an old monastic house of the sixteenth century, similar in character to Ford Abbey in Dorset. The picturesque guest house still survives, smaller, but equally as perfect as that of Workop Priory in Notts, and a beautiful Perpendicular cloister connects the chapel with the house. The "great hall" has few rivals of its kind in England. There is a square tower in each wing, and other towers and tourelles are a prominent feature of the gardens, which are further distinguished by a magnificent broad terrace like a rampart along the hill's edge, a long beech avenue from the house to Bisley, and three ancient stews or fish ponds.

Lypiatt (illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE of December 1st, 1900) passed into the possession of the Throckmortons towards the end of the sixteenth century, but they sold it in 1610 to a Stephens, whose family held it till 1778. Subsequently it frequently changed hands, till it was bought in 1847 by Sir John Dorington, whose son, the last baronet, was a well known Member of Parliament and an almost unrivalled authority on all matters relating to county administration. Lypiatt, it may be added, was, for a time, garrisoned for the Parliament during the Civil War, but it mercifully escaped the destructive experiences of siege or storm. There is a strong tradition that it was in one of the old rooms at Lypiatt that the Gunpowder Plot was hatched. A daughter of the Throckmorton who then lived at Lypiatt married Catesby, the chief agent in the conspiracy, and it is rather a curious coincidence that Ashby St. Ledgers, in Northants, where Catesby himself lived and to which he fled on Guy Fawkes' arrest, is also for sale at the same time as Lypiatt.

BURTON PYNSENT AND THE EARL OF CHATHAM.

Another interesting historical estate which has recently come into the market is that of Burton Pynsent, near Llangport in Somerset, on high ground above the sluggish Parrett and commanding fine views over the Sedgemoor levels. It takes the name of Pynsent from the family of that name, which became extinct in the year 1765 on the death of the last baronet, Sir William Pynsent. Having no heirs, he left the property to William Pitt, Earl of Cratham, "in his veneration of a great character of exemplary virtue and unrivalled ability." Lady Chatham lived there during her widowhood till her death in 1803, and the younger Pitt passed some years of his boyhood under its roof. Afterwards the house and grounds were dismantled of their principal treasures, and a quarter of a century ago there was a disastrous fire. The house, however, was recently restored. The estate, which is well timbered, consists of 293 acres, and its sale has been entrusted to Messrs. Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard.

The Haldon estate is to be offered for sale by auction in the autumn. Its beauties are well known in the West of England, for Great Haldon is the high ridge immediately to the south of Exeter, up which the high road mounts for Chudleigh, while the railway clings to the estuary of the Exe and the coast line. The mansion of brick and stucco was built by Sir George Chudleigh in 1735, on the model of "The Queen's House, St. James' Park," better known to-day as Buckingham Palace, and it has been considerably added to and improved from time to time. In 1769 it came into possession of Sir Robert Palk, one of whose heirs became the first Lord Haldon, but it passed out of the possession of that family some years ago. The estate is of 2,830 acres, with a rent-roll of £2,227 (exclusive of the mansion, park, woodland and home farm), and is beautifully wooded. Messrs. Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard are the auctioneers.

Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. have two specially interesting estates on their books. One is the Manor House, Great Somerford, a few miles to the south of Malmesbury. This is a picturesque old manor-house, two-storeyed up to its stone balustrade and carefully restored, which in the seventeenth century was the home of the Jansons. It is close to an ancient ford on the stripling Avon, which once was protected by a stockade or an artificial mound, which forms part of the estate of 86 acres. There are trout in Avon, and a squash racquet court may also be a strong attraction to some house-hunters. The other estate referred to is within four miles of Lincoln, whose cathedral towers are visible from the house. This is Sudbrook Holme, an estate of 1,900 acres, of which the park takes up nearly five hundred. It is a Georgian house, with large reception rooms, decorated in the Adam style, surrounded by spacious terraces above fine gardens and lakes.

F.

CORRESPONDENCE

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SIR,—You have for so long encouraged those of us who are trying to improve our native breeds of ponies, and have also supported and advised the small-holders of this country, that I trust you will allow me to ask your help for the New Forest. The commoners of the New Forest are small-holders of long standing. Their holdings are from twenty acres to five acres (by far the larger number of holdings are from five acres to ten acres) in extent. In addition to this they have immemorial rights of grazing ponies, cattle and, in certain months of the year, pigs on the Forest. The Crown, represented by the Woods and Forests Department of the Board of Agriculture, is the landlord of the Forest. I am sorry to say that the history of the New Forest is one of continual encroachment by the Crown on the rights of the commoners, and even to-day, when we might hope for better things from a Government supposed to favour the extension of small holdings, the authorities have to be closely watched lest they filch the rights of the commoners. There is a Commoners' Defence Association which does what it can to protect the interests of the small-holders, but it is not a wealthy body. The New Forest commoner is a man willing and able to help himself. The commoners support two strong local associations for the improvement of Forest ponies, and of these the Burley Society also provides prizes for cattle and pigs. Might we not suppose that people who thus help themselves might expect support from Government Departments? The fact is that all the work done for ponies and cattle is threatened with destruction. There are two most serious matters which threaten the future of the ponies and cattle, and, of course, the prosperity of the commoners of the Forest—possibly their very existence. Once every year I ride or walk over a considerable part of the Forest in order to inspect and award premiums to the brood mares on behalf of the National Pony Society and the Burley and District Society. On every side I hear of the diminution of the numbers of Forest ponies and the discouragement of owners and breeders. The reasons are two. First, the deterioration of the pasture, due entirely to the neglect of care such as any ordinary estate owners would give. The ditches are never cleaned out, the low-lying portions are swampy bogs, and the grass disappears to make room for plants of little or no value. The scrub jungle is never cleared; the invaluable gorse is neglected, and I have no hesitation in saying that the Forest supplies about one quarter of the milk and butter of which its pastures are capable, and which were actually supplied from twenty to thirty years ago. Swamp and scrub jungle occupy from a third to a half of the available Forest pasture. There have been forty years of neglect, and another ten years will finish the Forest as a grazing ground and extinguish a fine race of small-holders. The commoners feel bitterly that the Crown is hostile to their just rights. Whether this is so now or not it certainly was the case some years ago, when several deliberate attempts were made to extinguish the commoners' rights. But this is not all. A fresh danger has arisen. Since the war the Forest roads are crowded with a new and irresponsible race of motorists. They are ignorant or careless of the fact that the roads are as much common as the heath, and that the cows, pigs and ponies have a perfect right on the roads. Since February fourteen ponies and cows have been killed outright, and a number of others so injured that they have crawled away to die. There seems to be no remedy and no protection. Supposing the roads were fenced, this would be a remedy worse than the disease, since a free range is necessary to the ponies and cattle on the Forest. The only sound plan would be to re-establish the Forest gates. The number of every car should be taken on entering and leaving the Forest. If we could bring home to the minds of a certain class of motorists that they are liable for damage done, and that if they or their cars are injured they have, within Forest limits, no remedy, the reckless drivers who have much increased since the war would be led to drive with more care when they knew they were within the boundaries of the Forest. In the meantime, the ponies and cattle are decreasing, breeders who have done good work are depressed, and a bitter feeling is arising among the people. We have other grievances, but this letter is too long already.—T. F. DALE, Chairman, Mountain and Moorland Committee of the National Pony Society, and Secretary, Burley and District Pony and Cattle Society.

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FOUR WEEKS OLD.

FAITHFUL SERVICE ON THE LAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is very refreshing to hear, in these uneasy days of labour discontent, of long and faithful service under one master. An interesting example of this was provided at a North Devon Agricultural Show recently, when prizes were presented by Lady Amory to farm labourers employed without intermission for the longest period on the same farm. The premier award went to Thomas Hawkins, who has worked continuously for Mr. J. H. Merson, Kytton Barton, for 51½ years. During that period he brought up a family of seventeen children—nine boys and eight girls. So well has he trained them in his own trustworthy habits that in the section for men under fifty his son, aged 45 years, won the first prize with 35 years of continuous service under one master to his credit.—G. P. M.

THE BEAUTIES OF HAWESWATER IN DANGER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Haweswater, which for some of us will always be remembered as the most beautiful of "The Lakes," is about to be turned into a reservoir for the supply of water for Manchester. On the economic necessity for this I cannot comment; but I do trust that a spectacle a little more pleasing than Thirlmere will result after the alterations. Thirlmere's surrounding wall, iron gates, and so on, are sadly out of key with the district's soft loveliness. I am informed that for sanitary reasons living creatures must be prevented from approaching the banks of Thirlmere. If this is so, will the same argument be used as an excuse for shutting off the future Haweswater? And how about those two superbly situated little lakes, Small Water and Blea Tarn, the streams from which feed Haweswater? There are a few people who know and have an affection for those lonely spots and for whom their destruction will be a tragedy. Blea Tarn, in particular, is one of the finest bits of what I might call melodramatic scenery in the

British Isles. Are we to see a barbed-wire fence strung round it?—WARD MUIR.

TO OUTWIT FLIES AND MIDGES.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—As the fly season is near, not to mention the midge, I think that fishermen and "gurs" may care to know of the "Simpsonette," an effectual net patented by Mrs. Simpson. Perhaps I may add that I have no interest whatever in the net, except to disappoint the insects which seek my blood and spoil my temper. The nets can be got at Hardy Brothers', Pall Mall; Army and Navy Stores; and Burberrys, Haymarket. Large numbers have been used abroad during the war.—KNUTSFORD.



FLY-PROOF.

[We do not usually publish letters in praise of specific inventions, but so many people are now being tormented as Lord Knutsford describes that we are glad to make this exception.—ED.]

A CURIOUS NESTING PLACE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In going round one of the farms I noticed in the farmyard a stone about 3ft. from the ground projecting from the wall; it was slightly hollowed in the middle like a small trough or feeding spout, and stood out about 18ins. from the wall in front of a small opening 12ins. square, closed on the inner side and immediately adjoining the window of the milk-house. There was a wisp of straw in the hollow of the stone, on which were three hens' eggs. I asked the farmer's wife if she knew why the stone was there, and she said: "No; it had been there to her knowledge for more than sixty years, and the hens always laid there." It seemed such a strange nesting place that I wondered if any of your readers knew of one like it.—W. M. J.-F.

DANDELION WINE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Yet another home-made wine is dandelion wine, which used to be—probably is still—made by the villagers in Worcestershire. Forebears of the writer were much surprised, on taking up their abode in that county some years since in a lovely house and garden with two meadows attached, at the request, "Would they be so very kind as to let us two women get the dandelions in the meadows to make some wine?" Imagining that the roots were required for a kind of medicine, the answer was a negative; when the women said: "Oh, no, it is the blossoms which we use; we would just pick them and do no harm." Leave was granted, and the manufacture enquired into, the following being the recipe: Put four quarts of dandelion blossoms without stems into a tub. Pour over them one gallon of water, which has been boiled and allowed to get cold. Cover the tub with a thick cloth or sack and let it stand three days, keeping it well stirred at intervals during the time. Then strain off the liquor and boil it for half an hour with the addition of three and a half pounds of loaf sugar, a little ginger sliced, the rind of one orange, and one lemon sliced. Let it cool, then ferment with a little yeast on toast. Cover it over and let it stand two days until it has ceased "working." Then pour into a cask and put in the bung, but not too tightly, for a week or two. Leave it thus well bunged down for two months before bottling. This wine is suggestive of sherry slightly flat. The Worcestershire folk say it is an excellent tonic.—MARTLET.



SMALL WATER, WITH WEARDALE BEYOND.



BLEA TARN.

TURF, STUD AND STABLE

A NOTE ON THE "EBOR."

I WAS writing last week on the subject of demobilised Army chargers as racehorses, and I quoted in particular the cases of Sirian and Prevoyant. Oddly enough they have now both won races. Sirian won a selling race just before my notes were published, and Prevoyant won on the day that COUNTRY LIFE was in the hands of readers. It was at Nottingham that Sirian won his race, and after all Mr. J. B. Joel's representative on the course did not buy him in, so that he found a new owner at 450 guineas. Now Sirian in his sixth year may be only a moderate racehorse—a selling plater of humble degree—but there is no doubt he was a top-hole charger in France. Lieutenant H. J. Joel, of the 15th Hussars, who received him from his father, tells me that he was extraordinarily placid and well behaved under gun-fire at nights, when other horses and mules were going frantic from the bomb-dropping behind the lines. He might indeed have been an old-seasoned troop horse thoroughly familiar with modern gun-fire rather than a thoroughbred which had come straight from the racing stable. Then he really was a charger in looks and landiness and had an excellent mouth, which to my mind is the first essential in a charger. This selling race he won at Nottingham was worth £147 net to the winner, and as the entered selling price was £50 he would bring in just on £200. Mr. Joel originally sold him for £70 to the Army and would have to pay not far short of that to get him back. The point is that the active service career and subsequent racing would at any rate not show a loss. I notice that the horse second to him at Nottingham was Cocksure, which later in the week won a selling race at Windsor. Sirian's form, therefore, was creditable for an ex-Army charger!

Now the other ex-charger, Prevoyant, commenced to justify the heavy cost of keeping a racehorse in training when he beat two better favourites for a selling race at Windsor and was then retained by his bookmaker-owner for 240 guineas. Prevoyant was bred in Belgium, but is, of course, pure thoroughbred. In his old racing days he used to go about with a goat, because it was argued by his trainer that the presence of the goat kept him subdued. I seem to remember once at Brighton that he ignored the presence of the goat and kicked up a tremendous "tamasha" in the paddock. Then I have an idea that one dark day later he murdered the wretched goat in his box!

From all of this you will gather that he must have been a better racehorse than he was charger!

During the coming week there should be some capital racing at York, notable events being the Gimcrack Stakes for two year olds and the Ebor Handicap of a mile and three-quarters. I have more hope of the former event, but in any case the meeting will be spoiled unless rain comes to make the ground very different from what it is at the time of writing. The Ebor Handicap is for long-distance horses, and there are so many long races to choose from and so comparatively few horses to go round that the York race may suffer in consequence. The Manton stable has entered Air Raid, Queen's Square and Haki, and, of course, they are very near the top of the handicap. It is certain they will not all three compete, and it would not surprise me to see them all drop out. Chuetie has been weighted as if she were about the best of the three year olds, and I do not think she will run, as she looks "good" for the Yorkshire Oaks at the same meeting. King John or Jutland with only 3lb. between them look like carrying near top-weight, and I can imagine the way the thousands of Yorkshiremen would cheer in the event of the latter's success. Tom Pepper, the Chester Cup winner, will, I think, compete, but All Alone will not see a race-course again this year. His fore-tendons have gone. Lord Derby has his Northumberland Plate winner Trestle, but if I were asked to name the winner now I should declare for Lord Glanely's Royal Welsh, with danger to be expected from the six year old Ramda.

The announcement is made, I see, that the Kingsclere trainer, William Waugh, is relinquishing his position as private trainer to the Duke of Portland and is returning to Newmarket, where he may resume training at his own place, Balaton Lodge. Waugh has been at Kingsclere ever since John Porter retired, and I am quite sure he will be much missed by the folk around there, as he was very popular and at all times generous. I believe the parting between the Duke and his trainer is but the preliminary to the sale of Kingsclere. There have been rumours in circulation for some time that the Duke was getting out of the place, and I should not be surprised to hear any time that it had been disposed of. The house and stables are excellent, and the Downs are at all times splendid. It is, of course, a rich man's establishment and as such it cannot be beaten.

PHILLIPPOS.

GOLF AND THE DROUGHT

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

WITH the sun beating down mercilessly, the turf growing daily yellower and more rock-like, and hundreds of golfers enjoying their one regular spell of golf during the year, it occurs to me to preach a short sermon on golf on hard ground. If in a day or two the rain comes pouring down, my sermon may be something less appropriate, but golf will be a much pleasanter game.

The first and most essential thing is to be able to stand steady on the feet, not only not to slip, but not to be afraid of slipping. Nails can do much, but there comes a point when no nails will really hold. Some golfers appear to have a prejudice against rubber shoes, but it is rather a foolish one. Rubber soles always seem to me extraordinarily comfortable on hard ground, so long as they are reasonably thick. Thin ones are apt to bruise and tire the feet in a long day's play. The other day I played a round in a pair of thin rubber soles, and by lunch time my feet were so sore that I was glad to change back into my thick, nailed shoes and take the not inconsiderable risk of tumbling on my nose. Some people would not agree with this, however. Mr. Hilton used often to play in thin canvas shoes, very like gymnasium shoes, and if one can wear them they certainly give a most reassuring sensation of gripping the ground, which makes for freedom and confidence in swinging. Sand shoes, such as children buy together with spades and buckets at the seaside, will hold on the most glassy turf, but

they are apt to draw the feet and, if we may at all consider beauty, they are surpassingly hideous.

Between nails and tennis shoes there is to-day an admirable compromise in the various patterns of indiarubber blocks and studs. They are now so popular that we all go padding over the pavement, silent as shadows, like a race of detectives. Some people have quite small studs, others have big ones. I am not an expert on the subject, but, small or big, they do undoubtedly hold where nails give one that fear of slipping which is almost as fatal to the stroke as slipping itself. I recollect that years ago in a match on an Irish course George Pulford, the Hoylake professional, had in despair to take off his boots and play in his stocking feet. To do this is to incur a lasting unpopularity with those who darn our stockings, and it cramps the foot action into the bargain; but for a man who is conscious of dancing too freely on the toes and so needs cramping, a secret swing or two without shoes is a remedy worth trying. He will find that he cannot pirouette, but must stand tolerably steady, whatever his mutinous toes want to do.

The question whether or not a golfer takes his coat off does not depend on the ground under his feet; but it does depend on the sun over his head which burns the ground, and so may here be mentioned. I would never urge anybody to keep his coat on because of tradition or prejudice. After all, this is a free country, and why have heat apoplexy? I do say, however, that to do so has often a most deleterious effect on the

game. The delicious feeling of unrestrained freedom produces too unrestrained a swing. Such golf as I played during the last two summers of the war was in a country where a coat was an absurdity not to be thought of, and short sleeves, a belt and a pair of shorts constituted a uniform in which one might approach even a commander-in-chief. My swing grew gradually floppier and sloppier all through the summer, but when autumn came and I could put on a jacket there was a corresponding improvement both in style and result. Probably, having an abnormally vicious tendency towards twisting and bending and overswinging, I am abnormally susceptible, but there is some danger for everyone, and the man who takes his coat off must be very careful not to open his shoulders too gloriously.

Coat or no coat, this last is very sound advice when the ground is hard. The ball goes such a long way that there seems to be a natural temptation to try to make it go yet a little further. It is good fun to reach a fine two-shot hole with a drive and a niblick. We know well enough that it is the ground's doing, not ours, and yet we cannot but plume ourselves on the feat. Of course, this is the most futile conduct possible. When the ground will give us all the length we need is the time to think of nothing but accuracy. A classical example is that of Mr. Hilton's victory in the Amateur Championship at Prestwick in 1911. He himself has described how he deliberately gave up his habitual hook and cultivated a shot drifting from left to right, played, if anything, with a slight slice. The ground was like a rock: I have never seen anything faster, barer and dustier. He realised that a few yards of length more or less mattered not at all, but it did very much matter if the

additional run on a tee shot played with the hook made the difference between the fairway and the rough.

That same championship showed that the winner could pitch the ball on to a green and stop, where most people could only pitch and run over. To tell the holiday golfer that he must learn to pitch like Mr. Hilton would not be perhaps to give very practical advice. He may reasonably be advised, however, to try with all his might and main to learn to play his approach shots crisply and firmly and with as much back spin as possible. The hours that he may devote to practising will be repaid by a perfect flood of half-crowns, and if this hot weather exposes to him the fallacy of his present methods, the sun will not have shone in vain. He must also in approaching think much more than usual of position. That admirable maxim, "Be up," must not be too mechanically followed, for, on the keen putting greens, to be past the hole may be the surer way of losing it. A slight slope, even a slight wind behind the player, may make his putt from beyond the hole practically impossible. More than ever it is necessary to regard each stroke not as an isolated move, but as part of a strategic whole.

I do not include in my sermon any advice on the deliberate jumping of bunkers; the weather is not bad enough for that yet. It is, nevertheless, an art not to be despised on courses where cross bunkers are many. I recollect spending some of the boiling, blazing summer of 1911 at Ashdown Forest, and there were several holes where the only hope of stopping on the green was to jump the bunker in front of it. In small doses it is an amusing game, and a jump greatly daring and successfully accomplished gives an exquisite thrill. Besides, it makes the other fellow so delightfully angry.

AMONG THE WHORTLEBERRIES

"HURTS" have been plentiful this year. All over the Surrey commons the bushes, which grow in patches among the heather and bracken, have been laden with the little blue berries, and hundreds of pickers have spent their spare time gathering in the harvest to make into pies, puddings or jam. As a holiday occupation, and one which requires neither effort nor undivided attention, whortleberry, or bilberry, picking has much to commend it. The berries grow in pleasant places. Cushioned on heather and bracken one may pick in comfort and ease, allowing one's eyes to wander at will over the distant slopes clad in purple and green, or loiter lazily in the miniature forest at one's feet, watching the curious little creatures that live and move and have their being among the bushes. What odd shapes one sees perching on the twigs, flying over the tops or burrowing among the roots of the little trees! What does the world look like, seen through the enormous eyes most of them seem to possess? What can be the meaning of their strange gestures, and what thoughts might one purchase from them for a penny!

Even the ways of the more or less familiar spiders and beetles fill one with surprise, if one happens to give them more than a passing glance. What, for instance, can she have been thinking of, the small mother spider, to have left her score of babies swinging in a white silken cradle on the tree-top, to be at any moment trodden down by a giant boot, or, worse still, plucked off the twig, cradle and all, by a monster finger and thumb, the silken covering torn asunder and the naked youngsters flung aside to perish, as was, alas! the work of a moment and a thoughtless bilberry picker.

Close by is another small family, who, though still in the nursery, have got beyond the cradle stage and are able to run about. In this case the parent has drawn together the topmost branches of the bilberry bush and swathed them round and round with transparent gossamer, making a spacious, well ventilated apartment, into which one can quite well see, but from which there is apparently no escape; for, in diving in among the bushes for a particularly fine bilberry, I had shaken their tree and created a scene of consternation and alarm. The infants rushed wildly about, evidently seeking cover or means of escape, and it was not till I had remained motionless for some seconds that they settled down again. I could see them through the gossamer, huddled together, presumably with beating hearts, on one of the bilberries which the parent, doubtless with some end in view, had included within her nursery walls.

The evident panic I had created in these tiny creatures set me wondering whether any breast is too small to harbour fear. Or was it merely the instinct of self-preservation acting automatically, causing them to scurry wildly and make for safety, which gave an appearance of terror? I scanned the neighbouring bushes in vain for the mother of this independent little family; but the spider does not, I am told, share the reputation enjoyed by the earwig for maternal devotion, and

I have no doubt, if she happened to be rear when my disturbing hand descended on them, she, being like her offspring a prey to fear, had scooted off, leaving her luckless infants to fend for themselves.

Still meditating on spiders and their ways I raised my eyes from the miniature bilberry forest and glanced across the narrow track in the heather that curved up the hill near where I sat. They fell upon a wonderful object—a bit of turquoise blue that was moving rapidly up the grey sandy path. I sprang to my feet, and in a moment was down on my hands and knees in the sand looking at it. It was one of the green tiger beetles, noted by naturalists for their "ferocity" and for the wonderful scent, variously described as of scented verbena and roses, which they emit when annoyed. They are common enough objects on sandy heather paths in summer, but are always, with their vivid green wing-sheaths, their mole-coloured gossamer wings and gleaming emerald bodies, beautiful to look at. This specimen, however, had an added and peculiar attraction. One of its wings was the usual green, the other the most beautiful turquoise blue I have ever seen. Instead of immediately taking to flight, as they usually do when the human eye is focussed upon them, it was obliging enough to continue its walk unmoved, so that I was able to have a good look at it. I touched it with a twig of heather, whereupon it showed a momentary disposition to spread its wings. The blue and green sheaths parted for an instant, giving me a glimpse of a confusion of gossamer wings about to unfurl, and a gleam of emerald green; but they closed again, and it continued on foot. I followed it for about a yard up the track, admiring its amazing beauty and thinking how well the "colour scheme" would suit one of the ladies of the Russian ballet. Then an impulse came over me to capture it. I dropped my handkerchief over it hoping it might spray it with verbena or roses, I did not care which; but, possibly remembering its reputation for ferocity, I hesitated to pick it up and let it emerge from the handkerchief unmolested and continue its course up the hill. That it had noticed the incident I gathered from the fact that there was again a momentary parting of the blue and green sheaths, giving me another glimpse of billowing chiffon and emerald green satin, as if it was about to take to flight. But either there was some difficulty about it or it changed its mind, for, turning aside, it walked at right angles off the track and disappeared beneath a tuft of heather. I lifted the tuft and chased it out into the path again; and this time it was obviously alarmed, for it turned abruptly and quickening its pace very perceptibly disappeared again beneath the heather tuft. Then I must presume it took to its heels and ran, for when, by this time thoroughly possessed by the lust of capture, I turned up the heather tuft again it was nowhere to be seen; and though for some five minutes I hunted the neighbouring square yard for a gleam of turquoise blue or emerald green, and though on several successive days I visited the spot and scanned the sandy track, I have never had the luck to see it again.

ALICE DEW-SMITH.